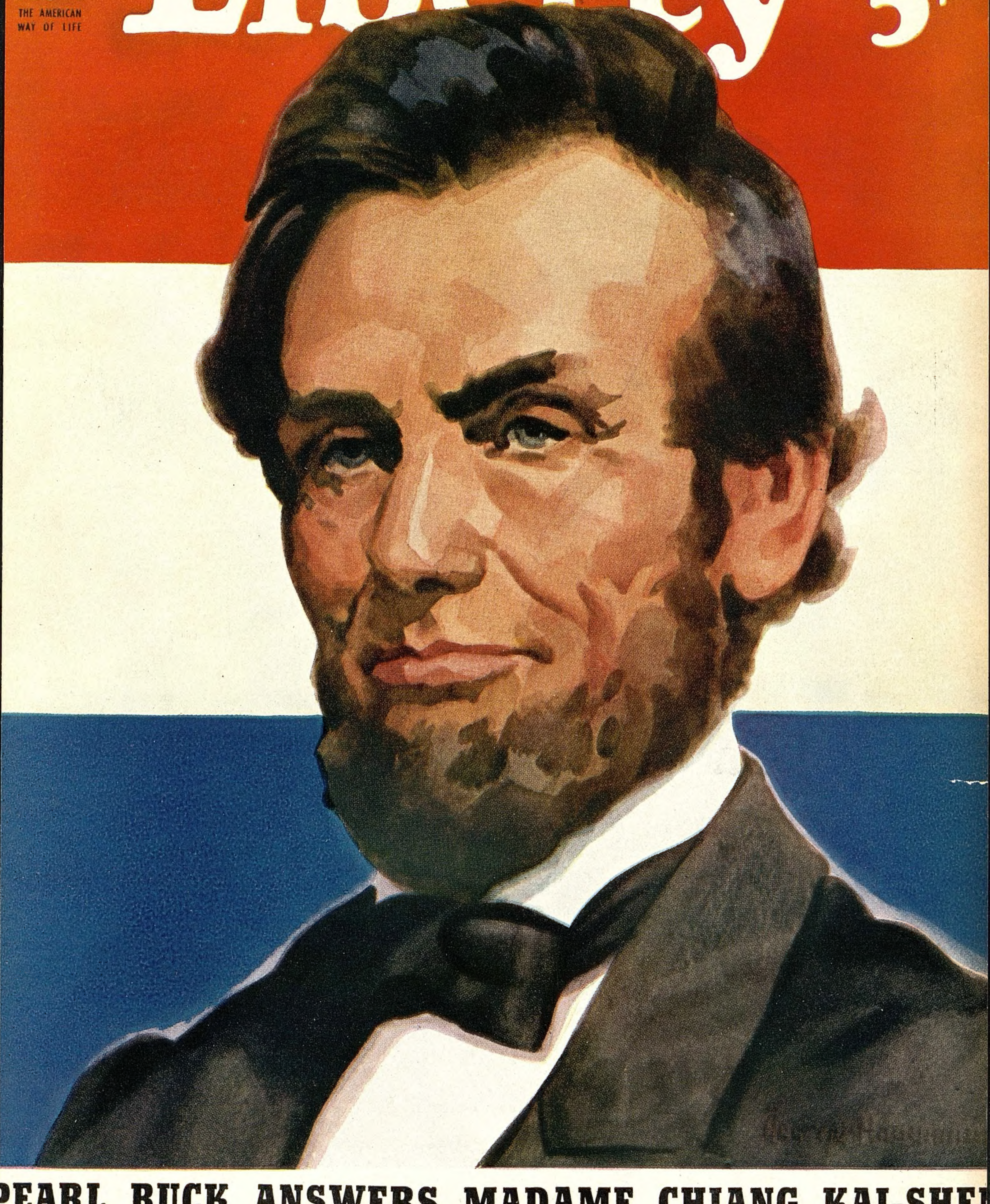
B. 15, 1941

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

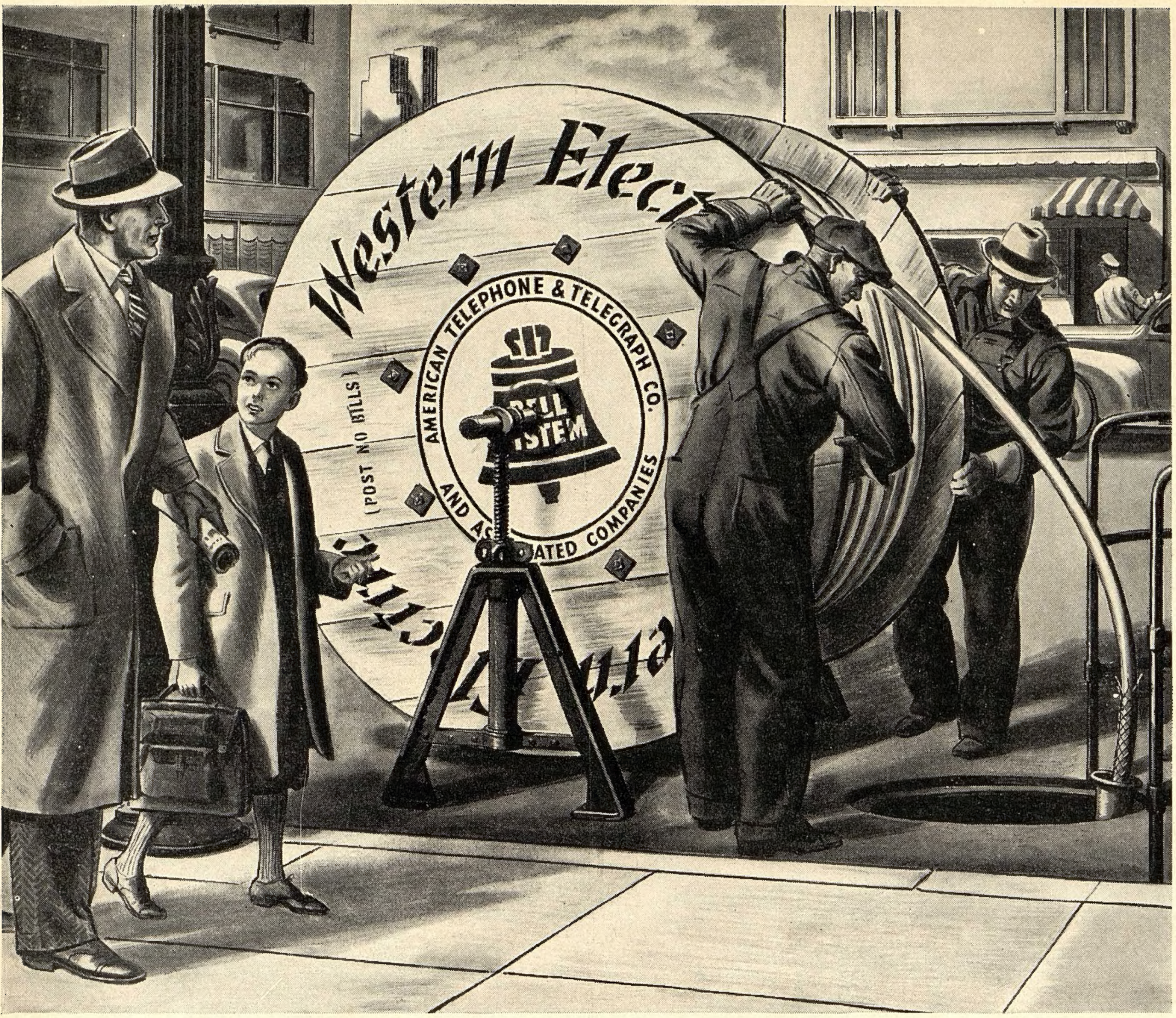
Liberty

5¢



PEARL BUCK ANSWERS MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHE

BUSH FIRE: A Novelette by Faith Baldwin COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE


Western Electric
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
(POST NO BILLS)

"Dad, why do they put it under the street?"

"Because, Son, in a big city like this there isn't room *in* the streets for enough poles to carry all the telephone lines needed."

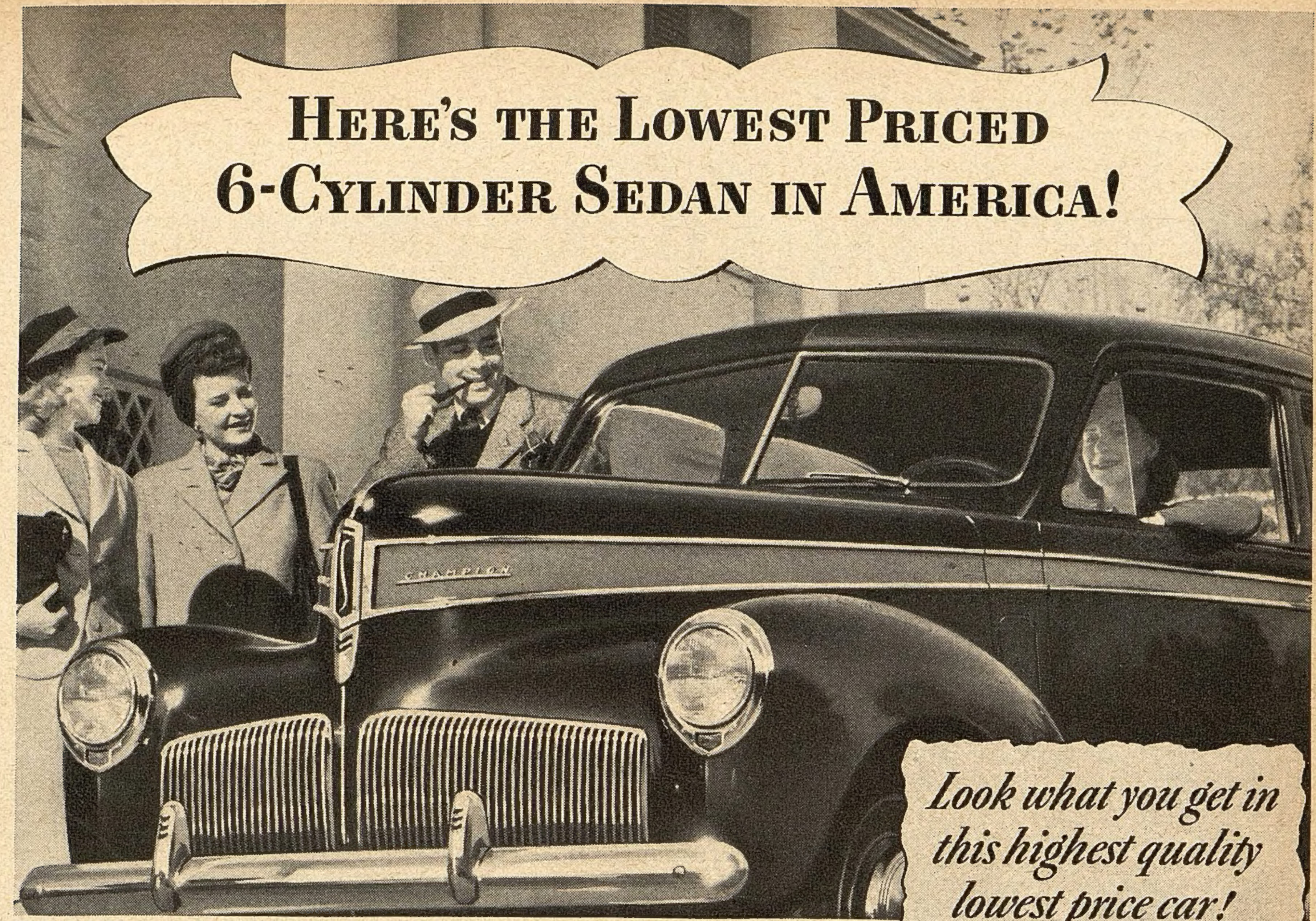
Cable is one of the many items of telephone apparatus which Western Electric produces. Were it not for cable, millions who now have telephones could not have them. Well ahead of public need, Western Electric has for years pioneered in improving the art of cable manufacture, packing more wires into limited space, insulating them from each other more perfectly, and making the outer lead covering more resistant to destructive forces.

Telephones, switchboards, vacuum tubes—to name but a few others—all embody the same manufacturing skill.

Thus this Company, source of supply for Bell telephone companies, helps make the service they give the most reliable, most economical in the world.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your* **Bell Telephone service**

HERE'S THE LOWEST PRICED 6-CYLINDER SEDAN IN AMERICA!



Illustrated: Champion Custom Club Sedan $730 delivered at factory—contrasting-color belt $5 extra

Join the thousands who are proudly driving this big, roomy, beautiful new

Studebaker Champion

Save 10% to 25% on gas . . . save still more on oil, tires, mechanical upkeep . . . get more of your money back when you trade in!

WHAT a proud day it is for you, when you first step out in your own thrillingly distinctive Studebaker Champion!

It's the highest quality car in the lowest price field—and people, everywhere you go, exuberantly admire it—tell you all the wonderful things they've heard about the Studebaker Champion's pep and power, its riding comfort, handling ease, sure-footed safety.

This Studebaker Champion sedan is lower priced than any other 6-cylinder sedan in America—and you find it saves you 10% to 25% on gas—not to mention your savings on oil, tires and mechanical upkeep.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and drive this big, roomy, beautiful, new Studebaker Champion. Use your present car as part payment—easy C.I.T. terms. Studebaker service is nation-wide.

PRICES BEGIN AT

$690

for a Champion business coupe

Champion Club Sedan with trunk . . $730

Champion Cruising Sedan with trunk $770

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Indiana, as of January 11, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.

Look what you get in this highest quality lowest price car!

Glamorous stratoliner style!

Nine different body colors to choose from. Canda cloth or bedford cord upholstery.

Million dollar ride!

Studebaker's exclusive Planar Suspension pads every road with velvet—keeps the car from swerving, regardless of speed.

You seldom use the clutch!

That's due to Studebaker's Economatic Shift with Overdrive—optional at moderate added cost.

Snug safety on curves!

Studebaker's exclusive Variable Ratio Steering holds car as steady on turns as in straight ahead driving—halves your parking effort.

Warm floors—clear windows!

Thanks to Studebaker's exclusive Climatizer with Windshield Defroster. Costs only slightly more than an old-style heater.

And besides you get:

Automatic choke . . . angle-set ventilating vanes . . . finest hydraulic shock absorbers . . . twin tail lights . . . non-slam door latches . . . bumper guards . . . 'cross-continent trunk . . . glove compartment lock . . . steering wheel shift . . . automatic hood lock . . . front seat ash tray . . . foot-regulated hydraulic brakes—all at no extra cost. Automatic hill holder for safety on upgrade stops is slightly extra.

FEBRUARY 15, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

OVERWHELMING INDEBTEDNESS CAN DESTROY DEMOCRACY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

It has been estimated that we spent an average of fifteen billion dollars yearly during the last World War. The budget just presented to our new Congress calls for more than seventeen billions, and we have been informed that approximately ten billion more will probably be required. If we should find it necessary to take part in the present war the costs would probably be double the yearly average of the last war.

The need for these staggering debts which we are now incurring has been caused, partly at least, by the foolish obsession that high prices bring prosperity. The prices of everything, labor included, have been forced up continuously during this prolonged depression, when the natural tendency of economic law is to force them downward.

This huge spending program has been adopted not only for our own protection, which is certainly justified, but to assist Great Britain in the present war. And such assistance is undoubtedly desirable, for to a certain extent that country is fighting our battles. They want to retain the democratic ideals to which they have adhered for generations.

And unpleasant as it may seem, the cost of maintaining an army in this country will probably be from three to ten times greater per unit when compared with some of the European countries. This naturally will greatly add to our difficulties. In a prolonged war it is the country that can pay the bills which usually comes out victorious.

But even at this time, realizing thoroughly the need of the vast expenditure which is being incurred, it is still desirable to point out that continuous spending beyond our income is more dangerous to our future than Hitler's armies.

There has been considerable discussion in Washington for some time in reference to the debt limit. Naturally, it must be moved upward. The demand that there shall be no limit, however, is certainly out of order. We cannot continue to spend our capital to the tune of billions without increasing our national indebtedness in similar amounts, which means mortgaging values of every kind and character throughout the entire country.

Our nation's wealth was about half a trillion (five hundred billion) just before the depression in 1929. It is probably less than half this amount at the present time. And to just what amount we can increase our indebtedness without danger of insolvency is for financial experts to determine.

Just now, with the threat of war facing us, every effort will be made by bankers and officials to maintain the present value of government bonds and other securities. While this can be classed as artificial stimulation, undoubtedly we can expect full support from all sources in maintaining these values.

All our banks are overflowing with money. The governmental restrictions required for making loans have made it so difficult for the average business man to secure banking credit that the bankers have been compelled to invest their money in government bonds or other A-1 securities. For those who can furnish satisfactory security, money is cheaper than it ever has been in our history.

If we are given enough time to be thoroughly prepared, we will doubtless be able to hold off Hitler's legions, whether they attack us as fifth columnists from the inside, from an American base, or from their own country. But it is worth while to remember that there is always a possibility of internal troubles among our foreign foes.

While in Europe previous to the war, I was told by a young German that the rank and file of the German people did not want war. And if war had been declared before mobilization it was his opinion there would have been a revolution. There is always a chance of soldiers revolting. They may tire of the fighting and suffering that must be endured.

A spending program of such huge proportions that it gradually absorbs the wealth of the country will slowly but surely eat away the foundation of our capitalistic structure. This will lead toward national bankruptcy.

When a government is unable to pay for police service and when the pay envelopes for government employees are not forthcoming, then there is chaos, revolution. And from all this hysterical madness is bound to appear a dictator.

These comments are not criticism of our present spending policy. We have to prepare for war. But a complete understanding of our situation and the dangers that threaten us is certainly desirable.

Bernarr Macfadden

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WE WHO MARCH TODAY

CADILLAC, MICH.—We who march today, the conscript army of 1941, would like to " unload " a few things.

In the first place, we know there will be war. We know that we will march away—that some of us will never return. We know that it will be a terrible war—and we know we will win. But after we have won, after we have done the dirty work, we want to be sure *this time* that we have not fought, and they, our comrades, have not died in vain.

We who march today want something concrete to base our ideals on, something to assure us that when this mess is all over, man will never again march against his fellow man.

In order to accomplish this, we who march today feel that it is necessary that we—we who do the marching, we who do the killing, we who do the things that even hell would not condone—we want to run this peace conference.

We want to be sure this time.

We want a representative conference. We want a man elected by his comrades from each army regiment, both friend and foe. We know that these things will then be inevitable:

1. Disbandment of every army in the world.
2. Destruction of every implement of war.
3. Creation of a new world that will devote all its resources and all its energies to the advancement of our civilization.

We who march today wait and pray.
—*Carl Arthur Carlson.*

THE LAST FEATHER

ELIZABETH CITY, N. J.—Ah, I have struggled uncomplainingly with Cockeyed Puzzles, but the Story Puzzle is the last feather.

"Adieu, kind friend, adieu."—*Saddened Subscriber.*

OVER-STUFT CELL
Liberty PUZZLES

GOLD-STANDARD SURPRISE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am surprised at your statement under the inquiry about the U. S. A. gold standard (December 28 Vox Pop).

The United States of America is not on the gold standard, and it has been

(*Continued on page 6*)

YOU'LL AGREE WITH **MRS. LOWELL THOMAS:**

"They're delicious for dinner!"

Like all clever homemakers, Mrs. Lowell Thomas is quick to notice her family's reactions to her menus. Here's one she says has called forth many enthusiastic comments: Swift's Premium Frankfurts garnished with heated spiced crabapples . . . French fried potatoes, carrot sticks, celery, radishes and olives. (*Simmer the frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately.*) It's the juicy savoriness, the extra *tenderness* of the frankfurts that make this meal such a success. So be sure to ask for *Swift's Premium* . . . in the new large "dinner" size.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender **FRANKFURTS**
IN THE NEW LARGER *"dinner" size*

Copr. 1941 by Swift & Company

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of select beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored all the way through.

In 2 sizes...Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

NEW DINNER SIZE
STANDARD SIZE
Swift's Premium
Swift's Premium

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

When nothing must spoil your loveliness are you sure it's Safe to Smile?

the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

1 Make the Tongue-Test...
Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 Your Tongue Tells You
Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull...bars your way to romance.

3 *Switch to* Pepsodent *with* Irium

You'll hold the secret of a winning smile when teeth feel bright to you . . . look bright to others

Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth . . . the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Only Pepsodent contains IRIUM . . . super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.

IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE

made a crime for an American citizen to own any gold money. The gold content of what is called the dollar is not fixed by law, as required by the Constitution, but is subject to the whim of President Roosevelt.

Can you deny these facts?—*H. R. Conklin.*

[Our statement on the gold standard to which you refer had for its source a high banking authority.—Vox Pop Editor.]

TWO-FACED WORDS

Oldwick, N. J.—To words spelled with the same letters (January 4 Vox Pop), but having opposite meanings, add these:

unite—untie
vote—veto

And speaking of paradoxes, there's the state of

Connect i cut

which puts together and takes apart all in one word.—*LeRoy H. Lance.*

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR, TOO

San Antonio, Tex.—Lots of water has been spilled and sloshed over the Liberty dam by the well-to-do and those with big government jobs about What Democracy Means to Me.

But I would like to hear from hard-working, poor people (and that means the most of us) on what democracy means to them.

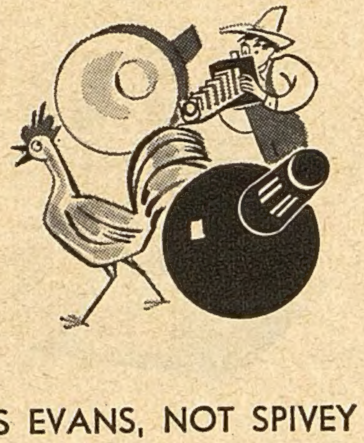
A little finer-haired patriotism, I'd say.—*W. S. Marshall.*

CAMERA-BUG BITE

Ellsworth, Wis.—Here goes! I am a haymaker (farmer) of whom the camera bug has taken a big bite.

Why, oh, why don't you have a camera and picture department in the leading magazine in America?

With all the movies, recipes, comments, and all, can't Liberty devote one page at least to us poor mortals that can't go to the movies every night?—*Harold L. Goff.*



IT WAS EVANS, NOT SPIVEY

Ridgewood, N. J.—In the interest of reportorial accuracy in relation to Student on Dr. Spivey (December 28 Vox Pop) and Florida Leads the Way (September 28 Liberty), the article was about a state-wide crusade for democracy, Chair of Democracy quite incidental.

Dr. Spivey did *not* originate the Chair of Democracy idea: The Rev. Richard E. Evans did. I've seen letters proving this.—*Earl Reeves.*

BEES NEVER POISON HONEY

CLINTON, IND.—After having read The Telling of the Bees (January 4 Liberty), I want you to please tell Helen Hull, the writer, that she doesn't know her bees, as they never make poisoned honey. The poisoned spray kills the bees instead—nature takes care of that!

However, I do enjoy reading Liberty, especially the editorials by Bernarr Macfadden.—*Mrs. Ben. Sims, a Keeper of Bees.*

POISON
POISON
HONEY

ELIZABETH'S SONNET

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Here is a sonnet I wrote as a tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt. I admire her very much and I guess your readers do also. I am the little girl who wrote One Man's Love (March 9, 1940, Liberty), but if you mention how old I am, don't say thirteen because I am fourteen now.—*Elizabeth Starr.*

TO OUR FIRST LADY

A task tremendous in its majesty
She must perform, and wisely represent
A land of peace, a land where men are free.
A task tremendous—yet how could she be
More cheerful in the face of that God sent
To be her mission and her destiny?
More kindly as the world seems blindly bent
On self-destruction? She will never see
Illness and grief, or dreadful poverty,
And cringe before them, as a weaker heart
Would cringe and wince beneath the lash of fate.
Instead she bravely, gladly does her part.
For our First Lady holds within her hand
The strength, the valiant courage of our land.

BEAN BALL HAS NO PLACE

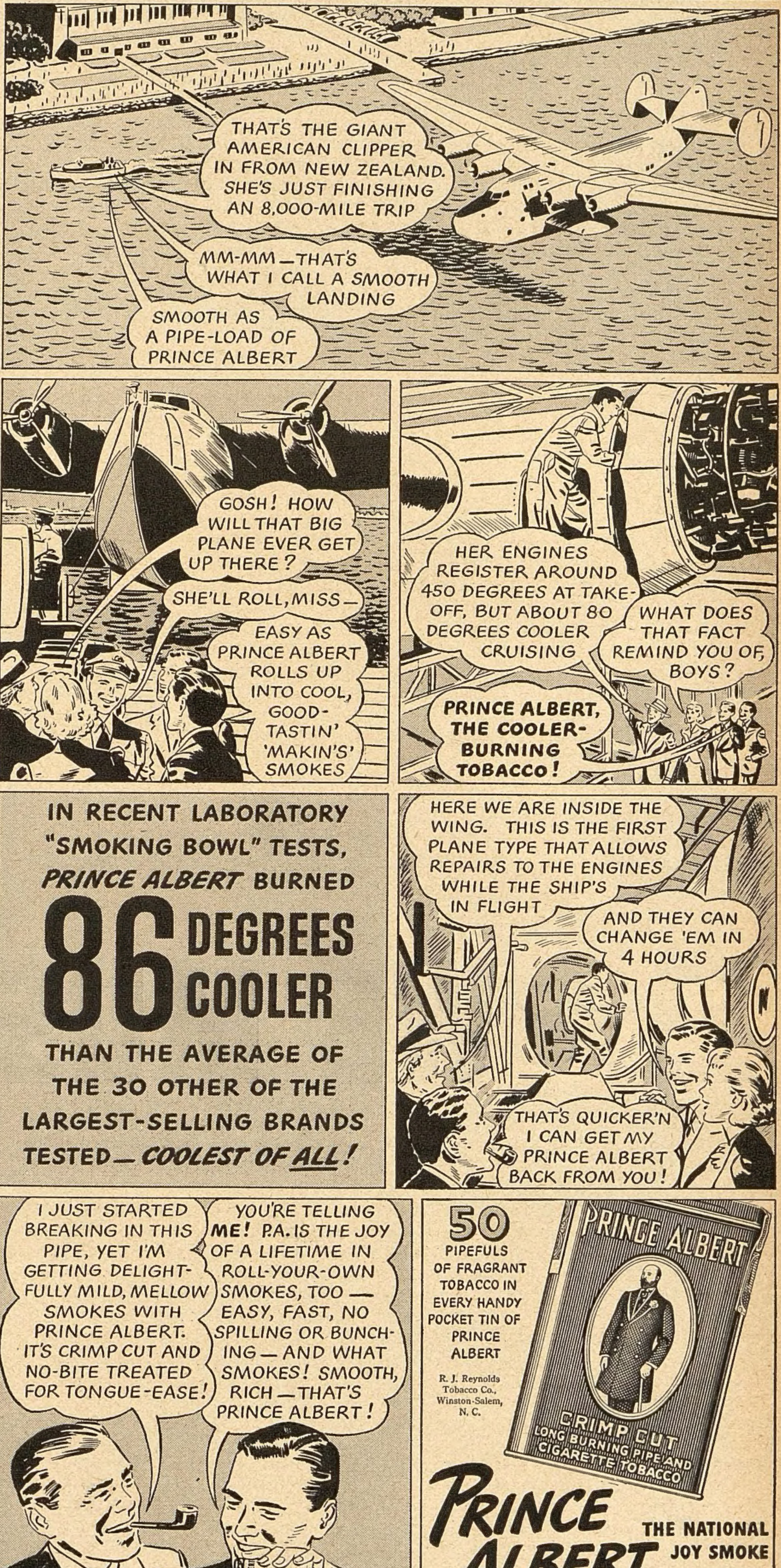
GLENDALE, CALIF.—I sure can't string along with E. Nelson regarding the bean ball (November 16 Vox Pop). Let him hit the dirt a few times, as I have done to keep from getting beaned, and he might change his mind. And as to Joe Medwick hitting 500 (or any one else, for that matter), what of it?

I'm an old ballplayer, not a pitcher; but if I was a pitcher I would string along with Walter Johnson, who refused to throw the bean ball.

I think that for one of experience the bean ball has no place in the game at all.—*P. H. Johnson.*

₵ "May I not congratulate Liberty and Mr. Charles LaSalle on his illustrations?" asks Hobart Guion of Litchfield, Connecticut. "It is a relief to note real art in these days of so much bolshevism in pen, brush, and model."

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
World's Largest Air Transports


THAT'S THE GIANT AMERICAN CLIPPER IN FROM NEW ZEALAND. SHE'S JUST FINISHING AN 8,000-MILE TRIP
MM-MM—THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SMOOTH LANDING
SMOOTH AS A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
GOSH! HOW WILL THAT BIG PLANE EVER GET UP THERE?
SHE'LL ROLL, MISS—
EASY AS PRINCE ALBERT ROLLS UP INTO COOL, GOOD-TASTIN' 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES
HER ENGINES REGISTER AROUND 450 DEGREES AT TAKE-OFF, BUT ABOUT 80 DEGREES COOLER CRUISING
WHAT DOES THAT FACT REMIND YOU OF, BOYS?
PRINCE ALBERT, THE COOLER-BURNING TOBACCO!
HERE WE ARE INSIDE THE WING. THIS IS THE FIRST PLANE TYPE THAT ALLOWS REPAIRS TO THE ENGINES WHILE THE SHIP'S IN FLIGHT
AND THEY CAN CHANGE 'EM IN 4 HOURS
THAT'S QUICKER'N I CAN GET MY PRINCE ALBERT BACK FROM YOU!
I JUST STARTED BREAKING IN THIS PIPE, YET I'M GETTING DELIGHTFULLY MILD, MELLOW SMOKES WITH PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED FOR TONGUE-EASE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! P.A. IS THE JOY OF A LIFETIME IN ROLL-YOUR-OWN SMOKES, TOO — EASY, FAST, NO SPILLING OR BUNCHING — AND WHAT SMOKES! SMOOTH, RICH — THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WE MUST STAND

PEARL BUCK ANSWERS MADAM CHIANG KAI-SH

The author of The Good Earth defends democracy against China's amazing challenge

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MY attention is always seized on any page by the name of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Whatever she writes I read because of my long and unchanging admiration for this Chinese woman who in a way is a symbol of all Chinese women, old and new, embodying as she does the integrity, fearlessness, and practical energy of a womanhood as fine as any in the world. I admire Madame Chiang for many reasons, but chief among them is that, though she is the daughter of wealth, reared in luxury and privilege and with every advantage that wealth can give, though she was educated abroad and her home was in old international Shanghai, a place far from the struggles of China, with all this she has not chosen the life of shelter and retreat which many sons and daughters of wealth in China have chosen. She has gone as far as she could into the true China, among the real people, and has spent her energy and her intelligence to do all that she can for them. I respect everything she says because of her integrity.

And yet I am sorry that she says what she does in her article entitled Democracy Reaps the Whirlwind [Liberty, December 21]. I am sure she would not say what she has unless she felt it necessary for her. And still I am sure it was not well to say that China is disappointed in the democracies, in what the democracies have done for her, and that after such disappointments the democracies must not be surprised if China deserts the cause of democracy.

I was in China through all the bitter years before 1934 when Japan was fastening her hold upon China in ways so subtle and yet so brazen that one felt the Chinese must know what was happening and one wondered if, incredibly, they did not care. Even the government seemed passive. Then came the days when Japan boldly took Manchuria and China realized what had already happened. She was no more prepared for it than was Europe for Hitler. Yet in the same strange way she knew—she must have known, for we who were living in China knew—that Japan was arming and preparing for conquest. She knew, for Chinese statesmen at Geneva, at Washington, made reports. But China did nothing to prepare herself against aggression. In spite of the fact that across a narrow sea a cruel military power was preparing to invade her, civil war was continued in China and the government occupied itself largely with putting down its agrarian or so-called Communist movement among peasants and students. Thus, when Japan actually attacked, China looked desperately for help to the League of Nations.

Now, the League was in its infancy. It was the weak and childish beginning toward the accomplishment of a noble ideal which I believe the world will one day find to be the only way to solve its international problems. But no ideal can spring full-fledged into reality. Ideals begin as ideas and then go on to be wishes and then hopes. Only slowly can an ideal become a fact. Thus with the League. It was only an idea and scarcely even a wish with enough people to be very far along its way. That China looked toward it for deliverance on a day of fate already fallen simply showed her desperation. Older Chinese understood how powerless the League was for the very reason that nations—and this includes China—had kept it powerless. Every large nation that belonged to the League, including China, did so with the purpose of getting something out of it, not of putting something into it to build it to strength and reality. The League of Nations was only a group of persons each of whom tried to get as much as he could for his own country and to give as little as he could to others. This is why the League was weak, and for this China is exactly as responsible as anybody else. She had no more vision than the rest of the members or than the United States had when she refused to join at all. Therefore no Chinese ought to blame the League's inability to perform in time of crisis. The League had not been built for such performance.

Then China looked to the United States. How many times in those days did I not hear Chinese say confidently that surely Americans would not, out of friendship for China, allow the Japanese to invade her! I knew they would and must allow it. All nations would and must, even as China has watched the invasions of other countries without any feeling except seeming indifference. China has not herself the record of going to the help of anybody.

Yet the United States was not indifferent to China. In the strongest terms the United States spoke out against Japan's invasion of Manchuria. More she could not do unless China herself did more. China did not. Without preparing even then for what any one could see would develop into a major war, she pursued, as England did later, a policy of appeasement. Like England's, it failed. Like the English people, once the blow fell the Chinese common people responded with magnificent courage and endurance. They are a people surpassed by none on earth. Betrayed again and again by their rulers, both old and new, by those who should have looked to their welfare and did not, the Chinese people, oppressed by cruel taxation and given surely in return less than any have ever had, quietly determined to resist Japan, with or without weapons. The Chinese people deserve every honor that can be given them, every

Liberty's check in payment for this article has been sent, by request of Pearl Buck, to the China Emergency Relief Committee, New York, N. Y.

TOGETHER

penny that can be sent to help them, every aid that can be found to preserve their democracy. It is for them that we Americans must work wholeheartedly through all the agencies in which we are working. I am one of a group of Americans who are trying at this moment to raise a million dollars to buy medical supplies to send to China for the millions of people who need them, and there are many other groups working for other Chinese causes.

When I think of China I do not see a young and beautiful face. I see the indomitable strong brown faces of village men and women who work on the land, of merchants in little shops on village streets and towns—these are the great folk of China. To help them I will do anything, knowing what they are and how they have suffered, not only in times of war but in times of peace. And I am only one American. Throughout the United States there are millions of others. I have letters from many of them, sending dollar bills or a few cents in stamps, all that each can afford out of the little he has. And there are rich Americans who send their thousands and hundreds of dollars in the same spirit.

This friendship of the American people for the Chinese people has gone on for generations. It has been expressed in human lives of devoted American men and women in China as well as in money sent. I think of my own parents, who went to China young and spent their lives there and were always poor for China's sake, and died there old and still poor and lie buried in Chinese soil. They were not unique. There are many like them. China owes her earliest hospitals and modern schools and institutions for the insane and the blind and lepers to Americans like these, as well as the development of much else in her modern life. I know that Madame Chiang has often expressed her appreciation of these men and women as individuals. But they are more than individuals. There have been too many of them to be only a group of individuals. They were and are Americans and products of our democracy. If they expressed through religion and medicine and education a certain spirit, that spirit was expressed also through our statesmen who steadily and through the years have tried to keep China undivided by foreign powers and free. There is no other country with such a record of disinterested friendship toward Chinese as the United States has, and China herself has no such record toward any other country. China will do well to think twice before turning away from the democracies. For only the democratic countries have bred persons of any reliable international good will whatsoever. Even if that good will is not quick enough with strong action now, it is nevertheless good will.

All this must not be forgotten in the present moment when some Americans have continued to do business with Japan in the materials of war. I cannot approve for any reason such business. There has been almost unanimous disapproval in our country of the sale of goods to Japan which can be used against China. The question has simply been how best to proceed to stop it. Some Americans have wanted to use embargo. Others believe the embargo an act which must be backed by force if it is to be effective and therefore it must be considered as the first step in a possible war to follow, and these Americans have advocated other means to the same end, means no less effective if used, but less dangerous in their results.

But our country is a democracy and we choose democratic ways of deciding our differences, even though these ways are slower than the swift decisions of dictators. The United States has not been inactive toward aid for China. It is true that there have been and are individual Americans who have made and are making money from selling gasoline, oil, scrap iron, and other materials of war to Japan. There are also individual Chinese who have made money out of Japan's aggression in China.

It is true, too, that China's war is a war of the democracies, but it has become so only recently as one nation after another has declared for Fascism. It did not begin so. It began simply as an aggression by Japan. China and Japan are old enemies. This is not the first war between them. Japan has had her eyes upon China for a long time, and for as long China has known that national weakness might one day be fatal to her. But like the rest of the world she hoped against hope. If she herself did not "appraise correctly the character and intentions of Japan," it is not surprising if other nations less directly concerned failed to do so. The League of Nations did not lose Manchuria for China. China lost it because she was not ready to fight for it.

Whether it ought to be or not, the law of nations has been and is that each nation thinks of its own first. There is no nation which is an exception to this or which can cast the first stone at another. The United States, always friendly to China, has had to consider its own people before committing itself to any action that might lead to war. Even now we so consider our aid to Britain. As long as the American people say "anything short of war" it will be short of war. And yet England is closer to us than China, not only geographically but through the ties of blood and history, and Hitler is more of a world menace than Japan is yet. Americans, idealistic as they are and generous as they have been beyond all other peoples in giving their aid to others, can scarcely be expected to take the place of an all-wise, all-benevolent nation in a world where others are so in such little measure. Humanity progresses together—none is perfect when all are not perfect.

But this is a time for patience with one another and not for recrimination and accusation. Others must be patient with America when prudence and self-interest seem to them our first thought. And we in America must be patient with cries from China and England and Greece and Finland and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, from Spain, France and Belgium and Norway and Denmark and Holland, and all desperate countries who blame us for too little help or for help given too slowly. We must be patient and we must try to help more quickly.

I can understand and sympathize with the feelings of Madame Chiang, a sensitive woman and one overburdened with the sorrows of her own people. She does much, but no one can do enough, and it is only natural that the too sad heart should cry out in anger. But let us remember that not out of anger or even resentment against sorrow should fateful decisions be made.

The decision of China against democracy would be very fateful indeed. It would be especially so at this moment when between the democracies there is developing, in the slow strong sure way that is the peoples' way, the determination to stand together against tyranny. I should not like to see China, the country that I love next to my own, the country that I know even better than my own, left out of that union. The world of the future needs China as one of the victors in this struggle between freedom and tyranny, not as one of the vanquished. Above all other nations the Chinese belong, by their history and by their nature, with the democracies. And if the Chinese people are given their choice today, they will choose democracy.

THE END

They take it when you're not

Hidden taxes: Do you know what they cost you? This will open your eyes!

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AND so, Mr. Joseph Citizen Doakes, you do not have to pay any income tax this year. After you take your legal exemptions for the wife and the kids, the item marked "Balance Subject to Normal Tax" comes out a blank.

Which doesn't seem so bad. Maybe you are saying something like: "Anyway, there's some consolation. I didn't make all the dough in the world this year, but I didn't have to kick in to the government, either. Let the fellows who got in the chips pay for running the country. Soak the rich! Not such a dumb idea, after all."

Well, Doakes, you are just about as wrong as a man could be. And when I have told you why, you are going to be just as burned up as I am.

Because you do pay. Income tax or no income tax, you are putting up the money to run the most extravagant democracy the world has ever known. But they are keeping it a secret from you. They are taking your money when you're not looking—taking twenty-one cents out of every dollar you make. If you earn fifty dollars a week, they get about ten of it. One out of every five working days you are not working for yourself or the family. You are kittying in to the pay roll of government.

Out of all our population, only a few more than three million individuals make enough money to pay any income tax at all. They are the rich, you say, lined up for a soaking. But they are not so rich after all, and there is a limit to the soaking. Do you know how much they contribute to Washington? Enough to pay the interest on the national debt and take care of the CCC. Nothing more. What about the army? The navy? Pensions? Relief? And all the big government departments and bureaus? Why, that's your baby, Joe. You are paying for all that. But they are not very anxious for you to hear about it.

It has been costing us about $14,000,000,000 a year to run government: federal, state, and local. How do they get it out of you when you don't pay income taxes? Well, you smoke cigarettes. Smoke just one pack a day, in New York, and you pay $32.85 in taxes in one year. Washington gets 6 cents for every pack sold in the country. (That little blue stamp, Joe. There is nothing about 6 cents on it, but that is what it costs, just the same.) New York State gets 2 cents a pack, and New York City a penny.

And how about the real necessities of life—a $4 pair of shoes, for example? Well, $3 is for the shoes and the other dollar is for taxes. It is split among 126 separate and distinct levies that are clapped on every pair of shoes that is made.

And take a loaf of bread. You pay a dime for it. You get 8 cents' worth of bread and 2 cents' worth of government. Because there are 53 different taxes on every loaf that is baked.

One fifth of the price you pay for a quart of milk jumps to some pay check in some government office. Mrs. Doakes pays $5 for a cotton dress. At least 75 cents of that is taxes. But they don't put any stamps on your bread and milk, your shoes and clothing. They just take their cut and hope you won't mind.

If you own your home you know about the taxes on it because they send you a bill once a year. But if you rent your house you don't know much about the real-estate taxes you are paying, do you?

Suppose you live in a one-family house. Out of every dollar of rent you pay the landlord hands over 28 cents to the tax collector. If you live in a two-family house, 19 cents goes the same way. If you are in an apartment, only 14 per cent of your rent goes for taxes.

You see the point in all these figures. The cigarette manufacturer, the milkman, the shoemaker, and the landlord are all served with tax bills, and they have to pay them, or else. And the only money they get is what you pay them for goods. So they have to pass the buck right along.

The total value of the American tobacco crop in an average year is about $200,000,000. To the farmer, I mean. The federal government taxes that crop more than $500,000,000—two and a half times the value of the tobacco to begin with! If that doesn't make you dizzy, nothing will.

About your telephone: The average bill to the subscribers of the Bell System was $87 for 1939. But they got only $74 worth of telephone service. The rest was taxes, paid out of their pockets into the public treasuries, the telephone company acting merely as collecting agent for federal, state, and local governments.

Ask Mrs. Doakes about her gas and electric bills. She is trying to keep them down, you know. She turns off the lights that the children forget. Well, between you and me, she is depriving the government of a lot of revenue with her domestic economies.

You use gas and electricity that costs you about 18 cents a day. Tax? About 2½ cents. The average gas and electric bill for the country is $65 a year. And about $9.50 of that is taxes. One day a week everything you pay for gas and electricity goes to help meet government costs.

And here is something you might think over in your spare time. In the last five years the taxes paid by gas and electric companies have increased 43 per cent. What are the companies going to do? Absorb it? They couldn't, if they wanted to stay in business. So they lay it gently within the aching folds of your budget book. If you get sore at the corporations over this, you are unjust. They have reduced their rates. And if you happen to be working for a corporation, you don't want to be laid off, do you?

Look at your insurance policies. The companies that wrote them pay more than $100,000,000 a year to the tax collectors. That is up to you, of course, because most of the insurance companies are mutual nonprofit-making enterprises. Three per cent of all your insurance premiums buys government instead of insurance.

looking

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Every time you pull the cap off a bottle of beer, you pay about 2 cents in taxes. It adds up in a year if you like a cold bottle of good brew as much as I do. And no matter what you pay for that spot of whisky you want now and again, you are flipping 4 brown pennies into the costs of running the government.

As for trains, 10 cents out of every dollar you spend in paying your fare goes to pay off a senator or a messenger boy or a WPA worker, or for a block of cement for Boulder Dam.

I rather hesitate to bring up the matter of your car. Keep your blood pressure down as I proceed:

The American petroleum industry now pays every year to the federal, state, and local governments the sum of $1,280,000,000. That is one tenth of the total value of the petroleum industry. And the tax bill is passed on to you as a matter of course.

The figure fascinates me: $1,280,000,000. Because it breaks down to just about a ten-dollar bill for every man and woman and child in the nation. But, naturally, only the people who own cars pay.

As I remember it, you have got a 1936 Chevvy. If so, it cost you almost exactly half a cent a mile in taxes alone for every mile you drove that car last year. If you bought a new car, one of the smaller ones, it cost you more than a cent a mile in taxes. Because you paid a 3-per-cent federal excise tax on it when you bought it, and that sum has to be figured in. If you went into the thousand-dollar class, you paid excise and hidden taxes in proportion.

But I am going to assume that you stuck to your old Chevvy. Being an average sort of chap, you drove, during the year, 8,500 miles. You used about 605 gallons of gasoline and 36 quarts of oil. Accessories and tires and repair parts cost you about $25.

The average state gasoline tax is 4 cents a gallon, though in some states it runs up to 7 cents. But figuring at the 4 cents:

State tax on 605 gallons.....	$24.20
Federal tax, 1 cent a gallon..	6.05
State license, etc.	14.72
Hidden taxes on tires, etc...	1.61
	$46.58

So you contributed $46.58 in taxes on your old car. About one sixth of the total trade-in value on the bus.

Of course, on the gas pumps there are signs that tell you about the taxes being charged. And you know it when you lay your money on the line for your license plates. Nevertheless, there is something a little left-handed about it, and I imagine it is bigger than you had ever thought.

It is not necessary to tell you in detail what you pay in hidden taxes when you buy a new radio or an electric refrigerator or when Mrs. Doakes buys herself some new lipstick. You get the idea. The point is this: If you made $2,500 last year, something between $400 and $500 of it went out for taxes, and most of them hidden. It is argued that this is a good way to get money for government, because it is painless. An operation for appendicitis is painless, too, while the victim is unconscious. But when the ether wears off, a "reaction" sets in.

Not so long ago a Gallup poll was taken of people like you. And 25 per cent of them, when asked, "Do you pay any taxes?" said "No." Poor guys! They paid taxes all right, if they ate and wore clothes and slept under a roof. But they were under the ether of ignorance.

What did you get for that $400 or $500 flicked out of your hand when you were looking the other way?

Doakes, I am the last man in the world to think that the government of this country, its states, and its cities can be run on peanuts. We have got to have national defense and relief for the unemployed. We have got to have roads and schools, cops and jails, and all the other absolute necessities of an ordered and self-respecting society. By the same token, you have got to pay your share. That soak-the-rich idea isn't really any good. As I said, there aren't enough rich, to begin with. And even if there were, *you* want a share in America and the way it is run. And you have got to pay for that share.

But you have every legal and moral right to know exactly how much you are paying—and exactly what is being done with it.

I do not mean to say that we should be a nation of bookkeepers, checking up every night on every penny that the government is spending. We haven't the time or the inclination for that. But they have made us shake our heads and give up with their calm announcements about figures that we cannot even comprehend. Such as $900,000,000 for work relief. We don't stop to figure out that this means nearly seven honest bucks from every man and woman and squalling brat in the whole United States. Such monumental sums of money blind us to the little sums that show the real, dreadful extravagance of our government.

After reading about a billion dollars for this or that, we are not likely to get much excited over little items like this: "The average United States senator last year billed the government for $34.25 for fountain pens." We say, What is thirty-four bucks when they deal in billions?

Damn it, Joe, it isn't right! We can't afford it. And the kicker is that they can't afford it, either. They're running pell-mell into debt. They have spent $40,000,000,000 of our money which they haven't got and we haven't got. And they are already increasing that debt by at least a billion a year, not including the necessary emergency appropriations for defense. You have got to pay, and I have. Or our kids. Or their kids. If it is not paid, we go bankrupt. And if we do, that greenback in your pocket won't be worth any more than the paper it is printed on.

What do we do about it?

I am not going to pretend that I know all the answers, or many of them. But I can say this: 1. Make them tell you how much money they are taking from you. 2. Make them tell you what they do with it.

1. If they insist upon taxing everything from a cotton nightshirt to a parlor rug, make them put a plain stamp on it. A stamp that carries a figure: "The price of this nightshirt includes $0.25 in federal taxes."

2. There is not a business concern of any moment in the country which cannot tell you, in plain and simple language, what it does with its money. I don't want a budget message in pin-point type. I want a breakdown, in words and figures that my brain can understand: So much for national defense; so much for agricultural aid; so much for relief; and so on and so on.

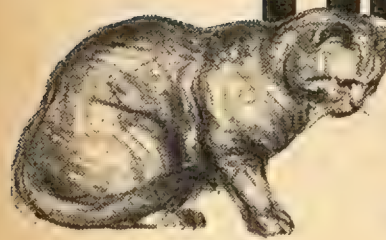
How are we to make them tell us these plain facts? Talk about it. Talk to the congressman who lives near you. Say, "Listen, neighbor. I just dropped in to find out whether Congress really is made up of a crowd of jackasses. They tell me it is, but I'm willing to be convinced it isn't. And now, tell me about these hidden taxes. Why are they hidden? And promise me you'll do something to get them out into plain daylight, or you won't get my vote."

There it is, Doakes. And as long as we have got a democracy you're the doctor.

THE END

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE PHILOSOPHER'S CAT



One to remember — A glowing tale of the tenderness of man and the tragedy of war

BY PUTNAM FENNELL JONES

I HAVE written a letter which may never reach the man it is intended for. I dare not send it through ordinary channels, and the other routes once open to me have disappeared. The whole affair would be absurd if it were not so disturbing a commentary on our times, for the message deals only with a cat named Céleste, and is addressed to a Frenchman of no importance now living in Abbeville-sur-Somme.

The man's name is Jean Redin. I first met him a year ago in Paris, where I was reporting for Universal News. He was a middle-aged engraver with a little shop in the Rue Marsan, not far from the lower edge of Montmartre. Our acquaintance began in a small café where Bill Lawson and Luke Ennis and I used to spend our evenings. He came over to our table one night and with the most charming smile I have ever seen introduced himself as "Jean Redin, *philosophe de la vie.*" He asked if he might join us, and we pulled out the other chair.

Philosopher of life is what Jean was. He moved gently and gracefully into our conversation, and we soon realized that we had come upon one of those rare individuals for whom the exchange of ideas is life itself. There was no topic too small to bring a gleam to his lively brown eyes, no side of human experience too remote to engage an attention that was literally breathless. As might be expected, our talk finally veered to the war, and our new acquaintance shrugged.

Yes, he had been in the last war. But such an unphilosophical business, messieurs! For so many months so many men hating each other. A matter for regret, surely. He, Jean Redin, had fought and had hated, but it had distressed him, like tainted fish on the stomach. There are no ideas in war, only mud and cacophony.

At first the others and I looked on Jean as a novelty, a sort of character relief from the tedium of reporting a war that was not a war. But, as time passed, we began to appreciate the unerring kindliness that warmed each thought of our homely, pot-bellied little friend. Toward the end, any of us would have given his shirt for him; but I seemed to be his favorite, perhaps because he detected a certain nastiness in me that he hoped to soften.

In May, of course, the war became a war. One hot Saturday morning the authorities scoured the city and rounded up a division or so of reservists who should never have shouldered another gun. Jean was among them, and I accompanied him to the Gare du Nord, where he had been told to report. For the first time since I had known him, he seemed dejected.

"The threads of one's life, of one's interests, are hard to keep unbroken," he said to me on the platform. He had his eyes on a mother and daughter who were embracing a man his own age. Then he looked quickly into my face. "Do you think we have a chance, monsieur?"

"It's in the bag," I told him. "Hitler has stuck his neck out too far this time."

"But such a neck," he murmured, shaking his head.

A whistle blew below us. Jean straightened and smiled, then kissed me on both cheeks. That was our leave-taking, for he turned immediately and strode away, giving what swagger he could to the tails of his faded uniform.

I was in Paris when the Germans marched in. I had watched France's broken divisions stream past the city, and I had wondered whether any of those weary, plodding infantrymen was Jean. I did not see him.

The arrival of the Germans meant *'raus mit* for most of the correspondents, but during a previous year in Germany I had somehow pleased Goebbels, and so after some telephoning I was allowed to stay. They wouldn't let me send anything out, of course, but at least I was on the ground.

About two weeks after the armistice Howdy McLean of American Newsfoto sneaked into town and hid in my apartment. He had been up along the coast when the big push started, and had managed to escape notice while the tanks rolled past. He said that near Abbeville he had run into a labor battalion of French prisoners, and one of them had given him a letter for me. The letter, I found, was from Jean.

My dear friend [he wrote]:

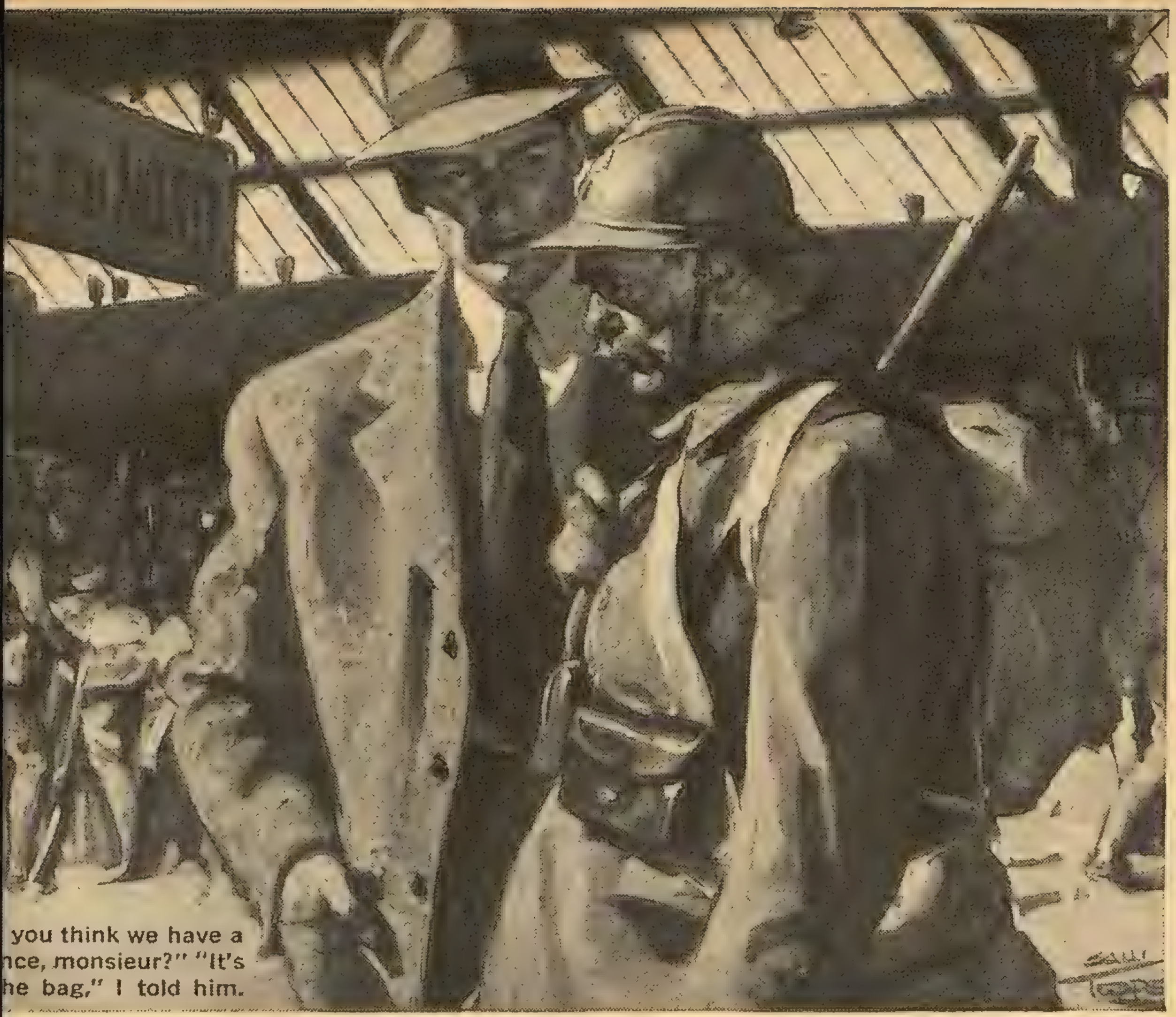
We were poor soldiers, we men of Paris. We belonged to that Ninth Army which failed at the Meuse, as you undoubtedly have heard. I and many of my comrades were captured on the second day, and our conquerors have put us to work in the potato fields. They say we shall remain here indefinitely.

I am writing to you on a matter of great urgency. At home I did not live alone, monsieur. I shared the poor quarters above my shop with a beautiful creature—a cat, in fact. I beg your kindness in her behalf.

You will easily recognize Céleste, for hers is an appearance beyond the common. Picture, monsieur, a cat of the most exquisite proportions, colored with the gold of a Paris sunset. Observe the white whiskers of a feminine delicacy, the velvet chevrons above her paws, the tail whose curl is a thought unvoiced. And look into her eyes, monsieur. They are the eyes of Sappho.

My Céleste is of a character the most estimable among cats. She is wise, she is gentle, she is understanding. Each night she awaited my return from the café so that we might discuss whatever of value had been said that day. Such happy hours, monsieur! I outdid myself in finding the precise word, the exact distinction, and she listened with a gravity and an attention most flattering to my heart.

She can be eloquent, too, as I have witnessed. Twice, on looking from my bedroom window in the early morning, I have seen a half-moon of cats below me in the courtyard, all sitting quietly, all with their faces turned toward the steps where Céleste sat, her tail curved around her. She was speaking to them in soft mewings, with sometimes a throaty note that made them tilt their heads. She talked to them for fifteen minutes, then got to her feet and stretched. At this, the others stood up also and walked away slowly, the large cats first, the smaller ones behind. It was a remarkable sight, monsieur, and a remarkable tribute to my Céleste.



you think we have a
nce, monsieur?" "It's
he bag," I told him.

Will you help her, my friend? It is now many days since I gave her the little fish she liked so well, and I fear she may be hungry. If you seek her, look in the courtyard behind my shop. I do not think she will be in the street, for she does not like a heavy footstep, and I have noticed that my present employers, of whom there must be a great many in Paris, wear very thick soles on their shoes. You can buy the small fish for a centime or less, and she will eat them daintily, leaving the bones very white and clean and easy to dispose of. She will not be a trouble, monsieur, and we both will be forever grateful.

About myself there is little to say. We lead a dull life here, for our employers discourage inquiry and the exercise of the mind. *Es ist verboten,* they tell us. And, monsieur, I have grown to abhor potatoes! Some day I should like to discuss with you this ugly vegetable, so that you may tell me what change of being exalts it between the field and the casserole.

Do not write to me, monsieur, at least while you remain in France. I have seen what happens to writers of letters and to readers of them under this regime. It will be enough if I may hope that you have found Céleste and that she is not entirely at the mercy of the world.

Au revoir, my friend, until better times.
Yours faithfully,
JEAN REDIN.

That is the letter the answer to which lies here on my desk in New York in its addressed envelope. There is a chance that one of our relief outfits may get to Abbeville this winter, and if that happens, Jean may read what I have written. It is not much, but as follows:

Dear Jean:

Your letter reached me the day before I was called home from Paris. I was relieved to know you had come out of that mess alive, though sorry, naturally, that you are up against the next worst thing. Yet while one lives, as the philosopher said, there is hope, which is perhaps the most that any of us can say in times like these.

I found Céleste where you said she would be. She was thin and sad-eyed, but still the beautiful lady you had described to me. She was grateful for the little fishes I fed her, but much more so for the news of your safety, which I conveyed in my bad French but which she really seemed to understand.

I hope the rest of my story will please you. When I got word I was to leave Paris, I bought one of those lidded baskets for transporting animals. In this I carried Céleste to Lisbon, whence we took passage on a Greek freighter to New York. She bore the trip well, with an intelligence and a resignation you would have admired, and since our arrival she has adapted herself gracefully to life in an apartment.

Here we await you, Céleste and I. Some day you will join us, and for nights on end we'll discuss all manner of things, including those potatoes.

Until then, au revoir, my friend. We think of you constantly.
Sincerely yours,
DANIEL STUART.

I hope my letter will make Jean a little happier, and I wish the facts in it were true. I did, of course, go to the courtyard behind the shop in the Rue Marsan, and I did find the golden cat with the black chevrons above her paws. But she was lying dead at the foot of the stairs leading up to Jean's rooms. Her skull had been crushed in at the side, as if by a kick from a heavy boot.

Stretched out near her were the bodies of two small kittens, one black and the other gray, which had apparently died of hunger or cold after their mother was killed. With Jean's letter fresh in my mind, I felt worse at that moment than I ever had in my life before.

I was about to turn away when I noticed a slight movement in the fur along Céleste's side. Bending over, I made out a tiny paw reaching out from underneath her flank, and when I lifted her, I uncovered a third kitten as small as the others, but still alive. This one was a deep golden shade, and above her forepaws she had the same black markings as her mother. Even to the tipping of black at the end of her tail, she was Céleste exactly, though in miniature.

In my work as a reporter I deal only with things whose length and breadth and thickness I can name. I try not to read meanings into things, and I am always suspicious of "symbolic values." Yet when I saw that kitten beside her mother I had the strongest possible sensation that there before my eyes was the history and perhaps the hope of our era. The old, the beautiful France was gone, but there was still a spirit that might live on, might grow into something approaching its former splendor.

The kitten was very weak, but when I picked her up she nibbled at my fingertip. I carried her inside my coat to a store down the street, where I bought a pint bottle of milk, and then at another place in the Rue Grinard I got a baby's nursing bottle and a handful of rubber nipples. With this equipment I was able to bring her through the day alive, and from then on she grew stronger.

Except in this, my account to Jean was accurate. The kitten and I went through Spain to Portugal, and thence by freighter to New York, where Célestine is now the mistress of my apartment. She plays sometimes, but she is mainly a very grave kitten, as befits her parentage and her history. She seems to like the sound of the human voice, for when I talk to her she sits very quietly, her tail curved around her haunches so that the black tip lies precisely on her toes.

I often talk to her about Jean. I tell her that if the men of my country are foresighted and resolute there will always be a place here for the philosophers of life. Then, in a happier day, Jean may come to visit us. And when he sees Célestine he will forgive my deception in the letter. She grows steadily more like her mother, and she will respond to his gentle wisdom in a fashion no less charming.

THE END

THROUGH HELL O

A living, revealing chronicle of those who fight Britain's battles in the sky

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

AT 5.02 A. M. on August 21, 1940, the air-raid alarm sounds in the R. A. F. base at Dover. Over the telephone comes the warning: " Dorniers, Heinkels, and Messerschmitts—about 100." Ken and his companions are off in less than a minute to intercept the approaching German " mad vultures." It proves to be a big show. Ken is sure he gets a couple of the swastika birds, though he has to bail out because of the last encounter. His buddy, Bill Bradley, is not so lucky and goes down like an oil rag in flames. The scrap lasts only about five minutes but the R. A. F. squadron gets a good bag—twenty-five officially down and thirteen not confirmed.

Having the afternoon off, Ken lolls and meditates in a near-by field where a cow the outfit calls " Ferdinand " is browsing. For the moment he can forget the war and indulge in the callow philosophy of a lad who is twenty-one. What is the meaning of it all? His father fought in the first World War, which brought no peace, only hate, and now here is his son repeating the same deadly folly!

Well, whatever the outcome, Ken knows his immediate duty is to write to two mothers—his own and poor Bradley's. But he hasn't the faintest idea how to comfort the latter's mother, for Bill was her only son. Tough luck!

Bradley also had a girl, Rosalie, and the last time all of them were together he had had a hunch that something dire was going to happen to him. He had told Ken that he intended to marry Rosalie on his next leave—if he lived to have another!

How is Ken to comfort Rosalie? On next Saturday night he and Bill had planned to meet Rosalie and Viola and enjoy a gay foursome. Viola is a night-club hostess of fine sensibilities and Ken likes her a lot. Now that date is out of the question. But is it? Why can't Ken invite his friend Derek to fill the gap, and thus try to help Rosalie forget her tragic loss? A good idea!

But before he can put this into effect there is another alarm. Blast Jerry! thinks Ken. And I haven't even written those letters yet!

PART TWO—DEATH, AND A LOVELY VICTIM

September 1.

I'M getting quite a veteran. First because I've been transferred to A Flight, and next because on my first flap with the new gang I ran into " the Twirp."

The transfer is a move up in a way, because A Flight fellows have all done a bit. O'Dowd, the redheaded Irishman, was at Sedan and Dunkirk. Wally Jones was in France too; and Brian Shaw, our flight leader, has a bar to his D. F. C. He's been ten years in the R. A. F.

The skipper himself broke it to me I was leaving C Flight, and I thought he had sent for me to give me a trimming! " Don't look on this as a promotion," he said. " It's all a matter of routine. Anyhow, by this time you ought to be able to look after yourself."

So here I am in the " fifth form," and liking it. The same hut to sleep in, the same table at mess, but a new crew and new fellows to pass time with in the duty hut. They're all right too. Brian introduced me. " You're in clover, old man," said Wally Jones. " Where else would you get a job with four hours' duty and the rest of the day your own? " Wally's like that. Brian told me Wally landed with half a tail the other week and a nasty gash in the leg. He was all through, and when they brought him to on the operating table he asked why they couldn't make Spits without tails. It was getting tough if a fellow couldn't fight without having to look after his own tail. Brian wanted to know if I could play chess. O'Dowd has one interest beyond fighting which he thinks is a purely Irish privilege, and that's girls. Don't think I'll introduce him to Viola. " Girls is the only huntin' that's always in season," he says.

They gave me a Spitfire from the pool called " Anna May." Some one had painted the name on the side, and the armory staff had added in pencil: " May stall if you don't give her full throttle." Well, mother's favorite film star is Anna May Wong, so perhaps this Spit will bring me luck.

So off I went this morning with A Flight—all buttoned up and feeling just a little more important than yesterday, when I did the same thing with C Flight. We'd just got off when O'Dowd chipped in on the earphones, mimicking the Old Man: " And remember, my lad, by this time you ought to be able to look after yourself."

Brian came back at him, " Cheese it, you redheaded cockney. I'm the talker in this party. And don't forget, Ken. A Flight's oxygen is the best. Once you've had ours, you'll use no other." O'Dowd had to come in again, " Keep your eye on Wally—and watch his tail. He has to have his tail watched. Can't look after it."

" When you fellows've finished poodle faking," boomed the Old Man (the squadron leader), " we'll get on with the job. Happens we have a patrol at twenty thou. . . . . You don't mind, do you? A Flight, take the top, please."

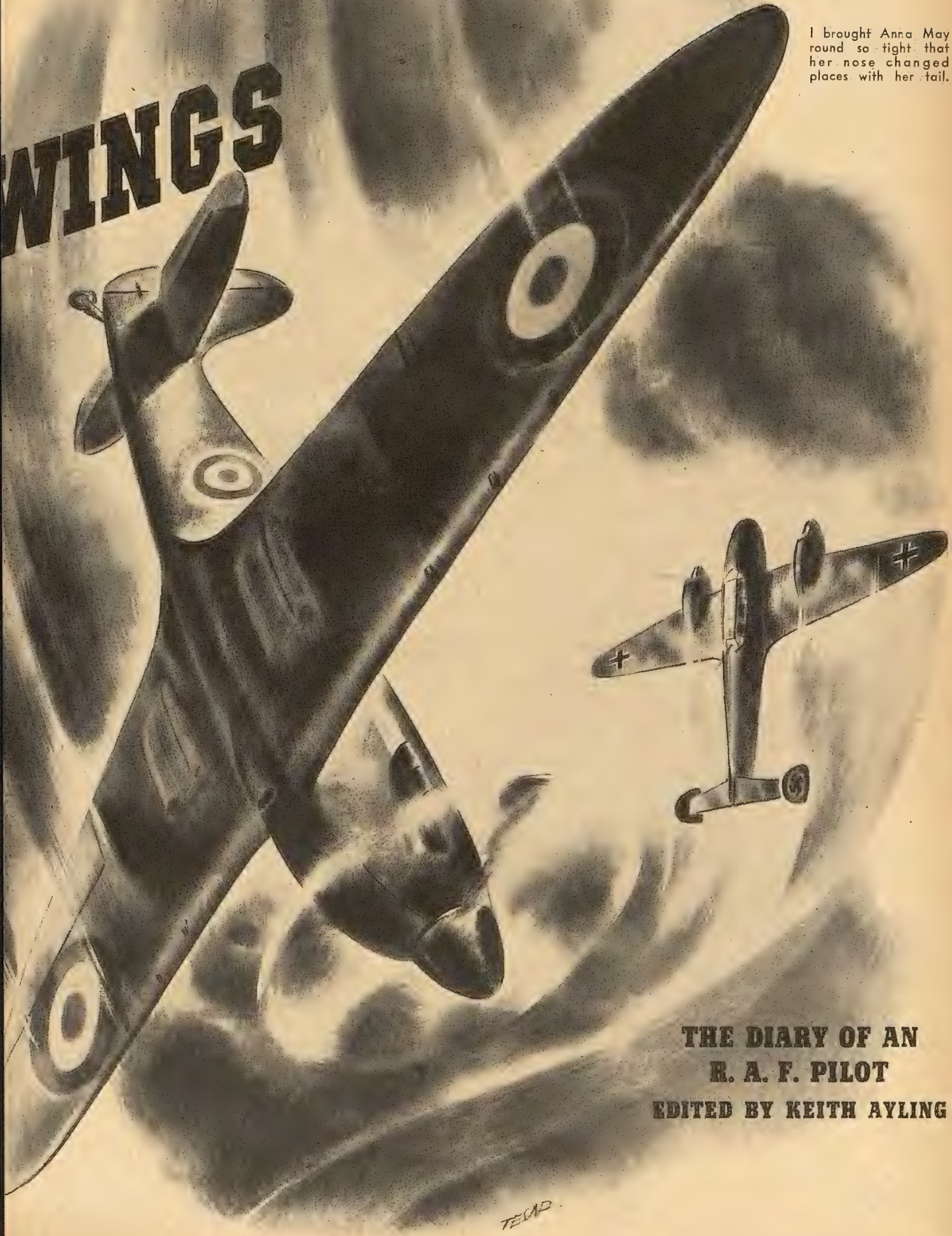
Brian's voice went to attention then like a Whitehall sentry saluting a general: " Sorry, sir! "

" That's all right," answered the C. O. " I've done it myself, but I don't want the station C. O. to hear O'Dowd's latest story about the latest girl friend—the last one—the air-raid-shelter girl. It was rather lurid, you know. It got on the teleprinter and went back to Wing Headquarters before we could stop it. One of the penguins [airmen who do not fly] wanted her address."

" Sorry, sir! " grunted O'Dowd.

From the ground came the duty

WINGS



I brought Anna May round so tight that her nose changed places with her tail.

THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

officer's voice, "Messerschmitts at 30,000 over Dover, due S. E."

"Let's go," called Brian, and up we went in a wild-duck triangle. I had just turned on the gas, when I saw O'Dowd turn and dive away. "Keep in, O'Dowd," snapped Brian. "You . . ."

O'Dowd wagged his wing tip and hung on to my side. I weighed him up then—an erratic devil.

We patrolled for a few minutes. No sign of the enemy. There was plenty of muck downstairs. Presently Brian said, "Home—I think." Gas was getting low. That's the worst of a Spit—you can't stay up very long. So down we went like a string of beads slithering off an invisible rope. At 10,000, where there was a lot of muck, Brian gave us, "Take your time," and headed for home. O'Dowd started playing the goat. "If you want to learn to fly, watch me, Ken—I only charge a dollar a lesson!" "Poodle faking or flying?" inquired Wally. "The answer to you is nuts," roared O'Dowd, and to Brian, "Sorry, sir! Listen. I'll race any one to the dispersal hut. First in pays a cocktail tonight." Off we went through the muck. I was beginning to like the spirit of A Flight. I turned off the air (oxygen) and sat back as happy as a kid at a pantomime. Something Viola had asked me in a letter came into my mind. "What do you think of up there when there are no Germans?" What does she think of when she has no profiteers to dance with—me? I wonder. Then O'Dowd's voice came on: "I say, Ken, don't look round now, but I think you're being followed. . . . I'm serious."

I looked in the mirror, and there coming hell for leather through the mist was an M.E.-110—squirting like hades. His stuff went wide. That's the worst of their guns. It's fine to know you can be effective at 1,000 yards, but you've first got to hit your bird, and that takes some doing. He missed me because I was throttled back, taking the air. I always throttle back when I think of Viola.

I DIDN'T waste any time. I brought Anna May round so tight that her nose changed places with her tail before my stomach got a crease in it. He was out of my range and started to dive. I cut across his nose and came round on his tail. He was too quick though—probably got a special throttled-up engine. Some of 'em have. I missed him wide and boobed another twist. Then he did some sissy stuff, coming over me in a corkscrew climber, but it wasn't tight enough, once I got round him quicker. He fired a burst and missed just as I gave him another. I thought it registered, but nothing happened, and he went up and over in his fancy stuff again, and came straight at me—so near that I could see a repair patch on his wings.

I got excited then, and pulled over, and came down where he ought to have been. He wasn't there and I wasted another good burst. Then Anna May shivered and I knew I'd been hit.

How badly?

I did a half roll, and she responded, so I knew it wasn't bad. The tail was still there, at least.

As I came round he was underneath on my port side, and I saw that there was a big hole in him just under the seat where I had missed him. That's through getting excited. I was going over again when he did the flattest turn I've ever seen a plane come out of and blurped at me with his tracer guns. The stuff went underneath. I got him in my sights and gave him a burst, everything I'd got, but he pulled a fast one. I imagine he throttled right back and stalled, like a kid showing off at a training squadron, for I went over him again and he seemed to be hanging on a sky hook. I pulled up pretty quick, as I thought I was going to hit him, and came over in a half loop.

"Remember that cute little kitten we found at the circus?"

We were so near I could see the black lines on his fuselage that he'd had painted to show the victories he claimed. It was the Twirp all right—a German "clever" trying to be a Von Richthofen.

My guns were empty, so I decided it was time to go home. It looked as if he hadn't any more stuff either. I saw a handkerchief flutter in his greenhouse, as he dived into a cloud. That was the Twirp's way of saying good-by.

Where was O'Dowd, though? If he had been there he might have given the Twirp what he deserved. Queer fellow, O'Dowd, to give me the griffin and then beat it!

When I got back to the station and went in to report, the Old Man was with Blinks, the intelligence officer. "Didn't O'Dowd come in?" he asked. "I thought he was with you."

When I told him that I thought I'd met the Twirp, he snapped at Blinks, "If and when O'Dowd comes in, send him straight to me. . . . I've had enough of this." He strode off then.

Blinks let me in on the trouble. A Flight fellows have some idea that the Twirp is a sport, and they leave him to fight it out with whomever he picks, and the Old Man doesn't like that kind of stuff.

The Twirp has done in quite a lot of our men. He hangs round long after his gang have gone home and does the matador stuff. He's Göring's superhunter.

THE squadrons act as beaters for him. They try to separate a Spitfire or a Hurricane and drive him toward the Twirp to make the kill. If he doesn't succeed, he always waves the white handkerchief before going home. He probably hopes we'll think he's a sport. If he only knew what we call him!

O'Dowd named him the Twirp because of his flat turns and exhibition stuff. They say he used to go round giving shows and air pageants, and it's gone to his head. Göring is trying to make an ace of him. But he's a good flyer, the only one so far who can go to town like that on an M.E.-110. He throws it about like a crazy gang. But he's not a sport—just a killer. They say he got a girl pilot of the A. T. A. flying a new Anson to a squadron. Well, he's sent Anna May to the repair shop. She had a hole as big as a hatbox right through her, but nothing was smashed. I'm beginning to believe in luck. I've got to be lucky, too—to come through this, but I must.

It's nearly lunchtime and there's no sign of O'Dowd. So he's missing. Hope I'm not a jinx, losing a fellow so quickly. Surely he knew I was going to scrap.

I wonder what happens when a fellow's put out. I suppose getting killed in the air is like dying anywhere else, only it's speeded up, so it can't hurt very much. There's one funny thing about this show I've noticed: Most of our fellows get theirs when they come back from leave.

Jones, who was a medical student before he wangled in here, says it's because they've set their minds on leave, and so they're careful to look after their skins till they get it—subconsciously, of course. When they come back they've only got the next leave to look forward to, and that's a long way off, so they take risks.

I don't know. I want leave after the war, so I won't take risks. I won't funk, though, but I'll be careful. I'll remember I'm £10,000 worth of airman in a £5,000 machine . . . get the money brain. That's what they say in the City.

Hullo, there's an alarm! . . .

That was some alarm, too. Casualties—me with a headache and a fright. I was just wondering whether I'd have time to make for the big shelter when I saw a Heinkel coming over under the low stuff at about 500 feet.

There was a hell of a din on, our machine guns (A. A. stuff) blazing off at nothing and a pom-pom at the far end of the landing ground.

I suppose I'm stupid, but I wondered what the blazes the Hun wanted, and all at once I saw him drop an egg. I suppose he was half a mile away, but the thing seemed to be coming straight at me, so I made a beeline for the funk hole by the girls' mess hut. I arrived there just at the same time as some one else, and our heads hit with a crack—just as the bomb burst. We hadn't been a moment too soon, either.

I was just saying "Sorry," when a familiar voice grumbled, "Now then, youngster, ye don't have to lose your manners just because a lousy Hun comes over." It was O'Dowd, sitting in the dust rubbing his carrot-top head.

We went farther inside and slapped the dust out of ourselves. O'Dowd was in a hell of a flapdoodle.

When O'Dowd's hot and bothered I'm sure his hair gets redder. He looked as if he was going to burst into flames at any moment.

"Ken, I'm applying for a transfer—this is no place for a fightin' pilot. What are we in—a high school or something? Tell me that." He glowered at me for a moment. "But you wouldn't know, Ken—you're new—you've seen nothing of this —— picnic."

I wouldn't reproduce O'Dowd's language anyhow, but these are the facts: After he'd tipped me off about the Twirp, O'Dowd had spotted about a dozen M.E.s and a pair of Heinkels and he had gone after them.

"And, by gosh, when I did get back," said O'Dowd, "what did I get—gratitude, a bottle of fizz?" O'Dowd slapped the table. "Kid, I don't know what this war's coming to.

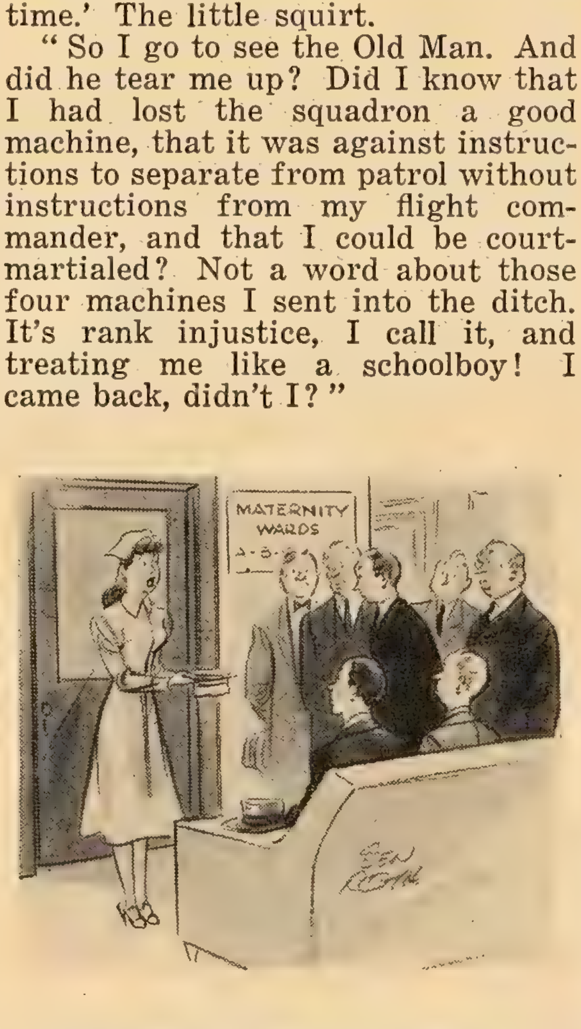
"In France, when I shot down my first Hun—and he was a beauty too—the C. O. sends me along a bottle of champagne. And here, what happens?" O'Dowd choked.

"Here am I, the senior pilot in this outfit. I go up this morning in that mess when you couldn't see your hand in front of your face, and I get separated, and there down below, over Hastings, I see a bunch of Huns, ten of them haring along inland. And what do I do? What would you do? Why, I go down on their tails. They haven't an idea I'm around, and before you could say knife, there I am playing hell. I've broken 'em up and they're in a mess, and with me in the middle. So many that I couldn't see to hit which, but I got 'em—four of 'em. I swear that three of 'em flopped into the ditch—three before breakfast, if they call it breakfast. And just as I am cursing fit to bust, for me guns were dry, along comes that blasted Hurricane squadron from Rye . . . like a party of high-school kids going to church. "Take one each," says some one. "Never mind the little man in the middle. He's a stranger round here." And they go for the rest.

"Then my engine begins to rattle, and I know she's off. So I turn over and bail out—as pretty a dive as you can imagine—and, boy, did I time it nice! I flopped on the promenade just in front of that big restaurant where we get the lobsters. So I phone to the squadron and then get meself a cup of coffee and a lobster sandwich. And did I need that coffee! When I get back here, Blinks, with a voice as dry as a hangover, sez, 'The C. O. wants you, O'Dowd. You can make your report afterward. I've reported you missing—you fellows have no idea how much extra clerical work you give by not turning up on time.' The little squirt.

"Mind if we chat, Jean? I've got a whole hour to kill."

"So I go to see the Old Man. And did he tear me up? Did I know that I had lost the squadron a good machine, that it was against instructions to separate from patrol without instructions from my flight commander, and that I could be court-martialed? Not a word about those four machines I sent into the ditch. It's rank injustice, I call it, and treating me like a schoolboy! I came back, didn't I?"



"There's been a little mix-up inside. Will each of you gentlemen draw a number?"

I got tired of O'Dowd. But what's the good? You can get tired enough to want to kill a man in an air-raid shelter but you can't get away. I only escaped when the all clear went. Fritz had been pretty busy outside. This was the first time he really hit something. He had dropped one bang in the middle of the women's quarters, and killed one of the girls. Doesn't make you feel good to hear of a girl being killed, but I suppose we shall get used to it.

There was a hole in the middle of the airdrome as big as a house, and a tree blasted down. We all walked round like kids at a street accident and then went to lunch. The chops were hard as leather. The mess corporal blamed the Germans. "They ain't human, those fellows. They eat their own lunch at twelve and then comes over to spoil ours. Dirty trick. Don't they think flyers has to eat?"

All through lunch I couldn't help thinking about that girl being killed. We shouldn't make soldiers of women. There must be plenty of men who could do the same work. There are hundreds of fellows not in uniform and yet we have to dress these girls up in blue and keep them up here. Blinks says that they do jobs that men couldn't handle—it's a question of reflexes. Anyhow, they stand as good a chance of being bombed back in their homes as they do out here—more so.

Read mother's letter after lunch. She sent me a clipping from the Times of a speech by Lord Halifax at Oxford. Ma says she thinks I ought to read it. She had marked one passage: "Be so proud of the race to which you belong that you will be jealous of its honor as you are of its safety, and that you will fight for both with equal determination. The struggle will be arduous. It may be long, and certainly it will demand of our nation that it should withhold nothing that may contribute to our strength. In front of the Viceroy's House at New Delhi stands a column on which is inscribed the words:

"In Thought, Faith;
In Word, Wisdom;
In Deed, Courage;
In Life, Service.

"No one could offer our country and our commonwealth any better pledge today."

Why did mother send me that? Does she think I'm getting ready to quit? As if I could!

Mother's letter depressed me. I hate that kind of stuff. . . .

Now that Ken has been promoted to A Flight what will he do to gain further distinction? Is he to be the one selected by Fate to give "the Twirp" his best foe? Is redheaded O'Dowd going to pull some crazy stunt? What of Viola in Ken's precarious life? Next week's Liberty will give you fresh thrills of dangers and daring.

Ski America first!

BY

JACK DEMPSEY

Sports Editor of LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHEN they told me skiing was the most up-and-coming sport in America today, I said "Uh-huh" and went right on with my autographing. When they added that it was, in truth, increasing all over the country in leaps and bounds, I grinned dutifully and said it sure was making great strides. But when they solemnly declared the sport had developed into a billion-dollar proposition, I sat up and took notice.

I knew, naturally, that there had been a great advance since the days when, as a kid, I slid awkwardly over a patch of ice-covered ground or careened crazily down the side of a snow-covered hill on a pair of barrel staves lashed to my feet; the days out in Montrose, Colorado, when on these same warped barrel staves I "skijored" to school behind Old Dynamite, the family mule. But it couldn't have grown *that* big.

"Well, that's what's happened," insisted Harry Voege, treasurer of the New York City Ski Council, secretary of the Telemark Ski Club, and holder of so many other offices that he has been alluded to as Mr. Ski in person. "Figure it out for yourself," he continued. "There are about 3,000,000 active skiers in this country, and each one spends an average of $100 a season on equipment and incidentals, amounting to $300,000,000 a year. Ski tows, chair lifts, special railroad ski coaches, and other developments—new resorts, hotels, chalets, etc., necessitated by the rapid growth of the sport—run well into more than twice that much, so you can see that the billion-dollar estimate is conservative. Why, one ski tow at Sun Valley, Idaho, alone cost a quarter of a million; another on Mount Mansfield, at Stowe, Vermont, cost $93,000. And the highest in the East, on Cannon Mountain at Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, cost about $300,000. And these are only a few. In half the states of the Union and in all adjacent Canada there are magnificent ski trails, thrilling jumps, and touring areas where the langlaufer, the jumper, the downhill skier, or the slalom skier can do his stuff to his heart's content. In the last year these have been improved and developed tremendously."

Mr. Voege was talking important money. "How come," I asked him, "this great development all of a sudden?"

"Account of a few millionaires, lovers of the sport, with maybe an eye cocked to business too," he answered. "W. Averell Harriman, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific, is a skiing enthusiast. So are Harvey D. Gibson, head of the Manufacturers Trust Company and president of New York's recent World's Fair, and Thomas Fortune Ryan.

"All have helped promote big ski resorts. Mr. Harriman felt this country should have a winter sports center comparable to those abroad—so he turned an expert loose, and the result is the $4,000,000 Sun Valley in Idaho that makes the best in Europe look like a piker. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Ryan have done the same thing in New Hampshire and the Laurentian Mountains respectively. The greatest skiers in the world came to America. People can no longer go to European winter resorts, so now it's a case of 'Ski America first.'

"This is the first season skiers have been fitted out with practically 100-per-cent American-made accessories. When the flow of foreign merchandise ended on account of the wars abroad, American manufacturers were quick to grab the big chance to make skis, ski clothing, shoes, and other accessories just as good and in many cases better than the imported stuff that used to hog this market. With no duty to pay, the high cost of skiing took a nose dive which helped to popularize the sport."

Having got these statistics off his chest, Mr. Voege invited me—or kinda dared me—to go skiing with him. "I ain't got any skis," I told him.

"Aw, come on," he said. Bear Mountain was only an hour away, and I could rent skis there for a measly half a buck. Well, I was sucker enough to go.

At Bear Mountain I got into a ski outfit and we started out. At least, Mr. Voege did, but I fell flat on my face. He helped me up (there's a knack in getting up with skis on), and made some crack about "Junior Tower." He got me a couple of ski poles, and I began to get the hang of it, remembering my old snowshoe days—to take long gliding steps and not lift my skis off the snow. By the time we got towed up the hill, I felt pretty confident. Mr. Voege was studying the snow so intently that I asked him if he'd lost something.

"No," he told me. "I'm just classifying this snow. It's sticky."

"I hadn't noticed it," I said, and he snapped, "You will." Then he explained that to skiers there are eleven types of snow. I thought there were only two—clean and dirty, but he said no, there's fluffy, powder, settled powder, sticky, wet, slush, granular, frozen granular, breakable crust, unbreakable icy crust, and unbreakable grainy (sugar) crust. The last three, he said, are dangerous and must be reported.

While listening to him, I got a bit over the slope of the hill, and all of a sudden I started to slide—or my skis did. "Lean forward!" he yelled, but my stomach was sticking out in front, my head and shoulders were back out of balance, and the next thing I knew my feet shot from under me and I was bumping down the hill on the seat of my pants. It reminded me of the time Luis Firpo knocked me out of the ring in our fight—I landed the same way.

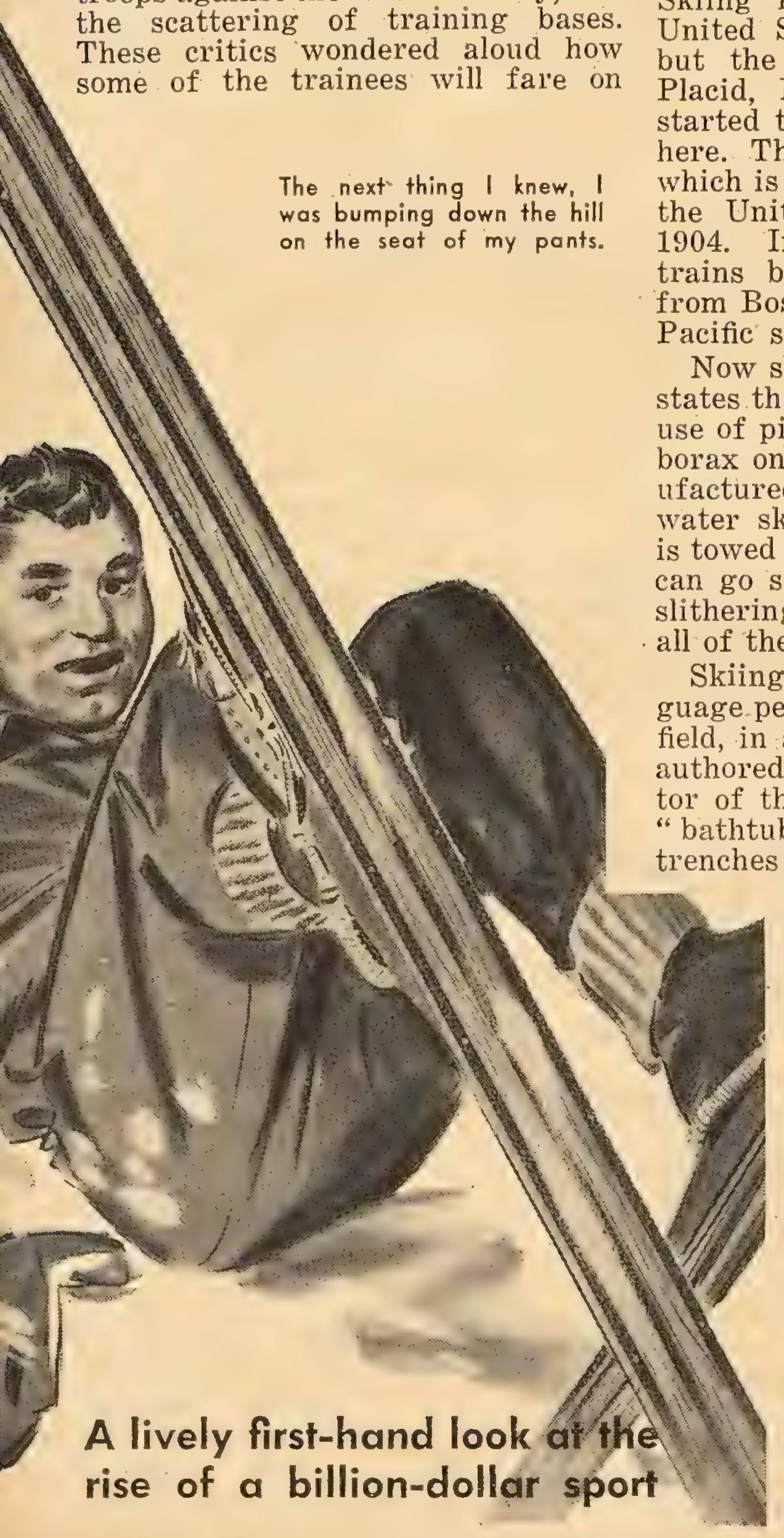
Mr. Voege came gliding alongside, and as he gave me a hand for the second time in a few minutes, he asked sarcastically if I'd lost something.

"Only my balance," I said. Then he took me in hand and we really went to town. He showed me how the knees should be bent, with the body leaning forward. This takes the weight off the rear of the skis, gives you better balance, and enables you to make sharp turns.

Then we started on the "junior" jump. I took off fairly well the first time, but my landing was lopsided and I fell. This time I got up without help. A few more tries and I was doing O. K. and getting a big kick out of it, and by the time we called it a day I had improved a lot. And that evening I learned more things about skiing, among them that any one who can walk can learn to ski. Some Norwegian families that have come here started their children skiing at the age of two, and one of the most active skiers in America is Dr. James P. Warbasse of Brooklyn, who, Voege says, is seventy-six years old. It's a sport that "grows on you." There is a sociability about it that makes all equal on the ski trail, in the comfortable salon of the inn, or in the homey sitting room of the chalet. Socialite or banker, bookkeeper or plumber, they're all just skiers, and skiing is the only topic of conversation.

The part skiing will play in the National Defense program was a subject of much interest. There was a lot of discussion of the army plan between two factions, the pros and the cons. The former, represented by the younger and mostly single set, were hopeful that they'd get into one of the 500-men battalions to be trained at Fort Devens in Massachusetts, Fort Custer in Michigan, and Mark Twain National Forest in Missouri.

The cons were mostly veterans of the ski trails and inclined to be derisive, directing their criticism at the choice of training equipment, lack of a carefully checked program based upon the success of the Finnish ski troops against the Russian army, and the scattering of training bases. These critics wondered aloud how some of the trainees will fare on seven- and seven-and-a-half-foot skis, since, they said, the army had bought only these two elongated sizes. A skier's skis, upended, are supposed to reach from the ground only to the height he can reach with his palm. Also they questioned the army's plan to use the ordinary army brogan instead of the specially built ski boot.


The next thing I knew, I was bumping down the hill on the seat of my pants.

A lively first-hand look at the rise of a billion-dollar sport

The type of clothing is important. Trousers and jackets should be made of a smooth-woven material that no snow will stick to. Two pairs of mittens should be worn, woolen ones inside, the outer pair made of windproof and waterproof smooth material. Woolen underwear and two pairs of socks should be used. Ski boots with a steel shank, to prevent buckling, and a snug fit are essential. Experts advise spending nearly as much on the boots as on the skis. And of course dark ski glasses are necessary to prevent snow blindness.

Skiing is no new sport. Frank Menke, editor of the Sports Encyclopedia, tells me that the oldest ski known to man, dug up in northern Sweden and now in the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm, is estimated by scientists to be about 4,000 years old. Skiing has been going on in the United States for about a century, but the Olympic tryouts at Lake Placid, New York, in 1932, really started the big interest in the sport here. The National Ski Association, which is the parent body of skiing in the United States, was formed in 1904. In the middle 1930s snow trains began running in the East from Boston and New York, and the Pacific states soon followed suit.

Now skiing is not limited to those states that have snow. Thanks to the use of pine needles, straw, sand, and borax on improvised trails and manufactured hills, and the growth of water skiing in which the "rider" is towed by speedboats, our 3,000,000 can go scudding over the terrain or slithering over the water in almost all of the United States.

Skiing, like baseball, has a slanguage peculiarly its own. Ken Littlefield, in a glossary in the Ski Guide, authored by Frank Elkins, ski editor of the New York Times, defines "bathtubs" as long round-bottomed trenches made by people who use the seats of their pants for braking; "Christies," an abbreviation of the Christiania turns; "cracker," a poor beginner; "gelandesprung," a field or obstacle jump consisting of a leap up and forward, supported by the poles; "kanonen," topnotch or expert skiers; "langlaufing," cross-country skiing; "nasensprung," the kind of jump that ends with you landing on your nose; "dope," wax for skis; "nursery," small slopes of low degree of incline, used by beginners and for instruction; "schuss," straight descents down slopes, or very steep sections of a trail; "skijoring," being drawn along on skis behind a horse or vehicle; "tows," endless traveling ropes driven over pulleys by a motor; "slalom," a popular form of ski racing, running against time between pairs of flags or trees; "snowplow," or "double stem," a method of checking descent at lower speeds by spreading the ski tails and bring the points together; "telemark," a turn used in soft snow; "tonkin," a type of cone used for ski poles; "track," a warning cry meaning "get out of the way." And no skier ever calls the ground anything but "terrain."

When you have mastered it, skiing downhill and jumping give you the sensation of actually flying. Sigmund Ruud, former world's champion ski jumper, says, "A jump on skis is not merely a leap into space. It may, to a certain extent, be termed flying without wings." I was reading Elkins' book when Max Waxman, my business manager, dropped in. Max is what the tailor calls a "stylish stout." He had given me a pair of skis for Christmas, with a note hoping I'd never use them. I showed him Ruud's chapter on ski jumping and said:

"You don't have to have wings to fly. Look at the flying squirrel; he's got no more wings than a hard-boiled egg, yet he gets plenty of distance through the air after his take-off by a combination of glide and air resistance. It's the same principle with the ski jumper. Come on over to Central Park and I'll show you."

He wasn't eager to go, but we'd had a good fall of snow and already some ski riders were in action in the park. We found a nice hill and soon I was shooting down the side to where there was a sort of natural take-off. I had improved a lot over the time I was out with Harry Voege, and I got a great thrill sailing through the air on these jumps. It really felt as if I were flying; the only trouble was that my jumps were only about forty to fifty feet. A really good jumper will average from about 125 to 150 feet. The present world's record is 350.96 feet. I was all a-tingle when I trudged up the hill the last time and told Waxman it was his turn. He squawked a bit at first, but finally agreed to try it. When he was all set, I gave him a shove and shouted encouragingly:

"Remember, they can't keep a squirrel on the ground!"

What Max hollered back I couldn't hear very clearly, because just then he hit a snag and did a power dive into the snow, but it sounded like "Nuts!" When I got to him he was knocking skiing to a fare-thee-well.

"Don't talk like that, Max," I said. "Don't you know skiing is four thousand years old?"

"I don't care a cuss if they had it before prohibition," he beefed. "Skiing is for skinny guys—I'm sticking to taxis for my rides. Get these blanked bed slats offa my dogs!"

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WE hear that training troops in U. S. camps have a paltry allotment of three hostesses per camp and only one dance per week with the flower of American womanhood. With towns near by affording them the best recreational and social activities, amidst the cheers of the American public, they are indeed in a predicament which brings us to tears. Sorry are we, who have been training for several years, to learn of the tough life they lead.

We *write* to our loved ones by lamplight due to lack of electricity and recreational centers. All towns in Panama are off limits, and 3,000 men restricted to reservation. Air Corps men, in addition to daily flight schedules, work on construction in jungle heat. Women are more legendary than fact. We cannot dine and dance with hero-worshiping girls because they are 2,000 miles distant. With these conditions we are content, because we are the Regular Army! *Semper Paratus!*

Four Sergeants, U. S. Air Corps, Rio Hato, Panama.

That's the point, men: You are Regular Army. Trained to take it. Don't forget these new men are just learning. Ever get "fed up, furious, and far from home"? Sure; but you have steadied out of it. Give the rookies a chance to show they belong. I'm for bearing down, too. But gradually!

I am in ordnance. We have to learn everything from books, but no books yet issued to us. We have to take notes as books are read to us, and you just can't get it that way. Please see what you can do about getting books for us.

Private, Illinois (Rock Island Arsenal).

Washington advises textbooks on order. You should have them in a few weeks.

I approve of conscription and do not resent being in the army. But if the gov't has power to take me away from my good job and put me here, why hasn't it power to prevent strikes in camp construction? Strikes have me sleeping in tents instead of wooden barracks. I'm a union man, but think strikes should be outlawed until soldiers are under roofs.

Private, Ohio (Camp Shelby).

The President's speeches have indicated clearly that strikes and lockouts affecting defense will be outlawed.

It was a terrible mistake not to take all officers of the National Guard and give them two or three months' intensive training before calling out the troops themselves into camp. Many of us feel badly handicapped and even a little ashamed that we are not properly prepared to lead and instruct the men.

Lieutenant, New York (Fort Dix).

Better, sure, Lieutenant. But it didn't happen, so let's forget it and make the best of it. Have to dig in a little harder, that's all.

I was a taxi driver, married. When my number came up in the draft, I did not claim exemption because we talked it over and decided it was our duty to be patriotic. My wife said she could run the cab and keep things going. Now she is going to have a baby. She can't hack the cab or make payments on it or cover the rent. Is there anything I can do about it?

Private, Chicago (Camp Grant).

Tell her to see Commissioner of Welfare at once. Then discuss with your commanding officer. If Welfare Commissioner backs up your statement you should get discharge.

After fifteen years in the reserve of practicing how to wear a uniform, polishing boots, shining brass, etc., I was called to active duty. Now I am one of 4,263 officers stationed in Washington, wearing civilian clothes while the moths feast on my uniforms. The only uniforms obvious in War Department are on two enlisted chauffeurs. Why?

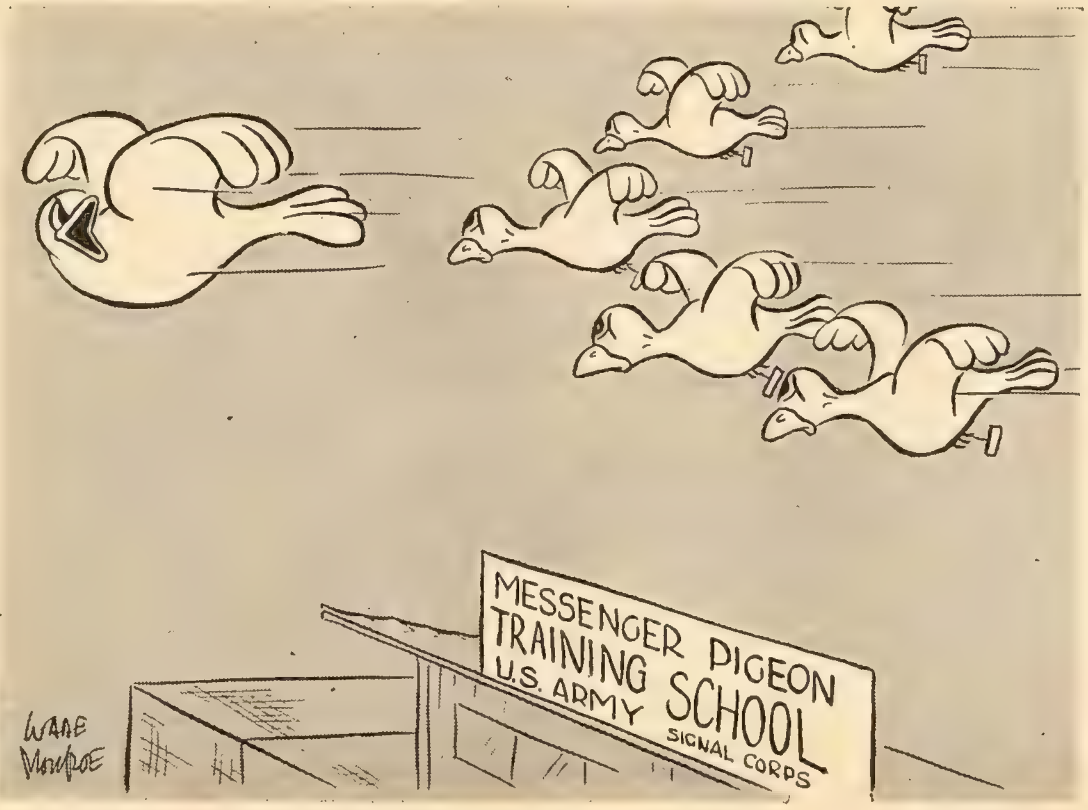
Captain, Q. M. C. (Washington).

Always rule and tradition in Washington for officers to wear mufti. Reason: Visitors to the capital might fear army running the country if too many uniforms around.

We get a new rumor every day about where the 27th Division will be sent in the spring. One day it's Central America, the next day Alaska or Newfoundland or Pacific Islands. Some of these rumors are published as fact in home-town newspapers, and everybody is dizzy. Why can't you find out where everybody is going and publish the schedule?

Pvte. First Class, Albany, N. Y. (McClellan).

Old Sarge can't sing out too strong against listening to latrine rumors. That will drive you nuts, boy. Above all, don't write them home and worry the folks needlessly. Nobody knows yet the program for spring maneuvers. You'll probably stay right in camp.



"Squabs—right!"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
With men who know tobacco best – it's LUCKIES 2 to

"Lady, leaf like this costs plenty!"

"But Luckies pay the price to get it!" says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

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Art Quiz

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

Author of Men of Art, editor of A Treasury of Art Masterpieces, etc.

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—What are the Bohemian art districts of Paris; London; New York?

2—Name the cartoonist who originated these well known political symbols: the Tammany Tiger; the G. O. P. Elephant; the Donkey for the Democrats.

3—Which of the twelve Apostles became the patron saint of painting?

4—What contemporary European failed as a painter and ended up as a dictator?

5—What is an etching? A lithograph?

6—Who designed the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor? What nation presented it to America, and why?

7—What great painter was also an ambassador? A military engineer? And what bartender became famous for his pictures of the Wild West?

8—Who is the creator of Mutt and Jeff; the Toonerville Trolley; Mickey Mouse; Krazy Kat?

9—Correct or incorrect?—Botticelli's Birth of Venus is an oil painting; Raphael painted the Sistine Madonna; Rembrandt painted the Night Watch; American Gothic is a cathedral.

10—Where did the Morris chair get its name?

11—What and where is the world's largest masterpiece of painting?

12—Large strapping nudes were the favorite subjects of what two painters?

13—Who painted Washington Crossing the Delaware? The Man with the Hoe? The Horse Fair?

14—What American artist, in the first decade of the present century, created what famous type of American girl?

15—What and where is the world's largest art gallery?

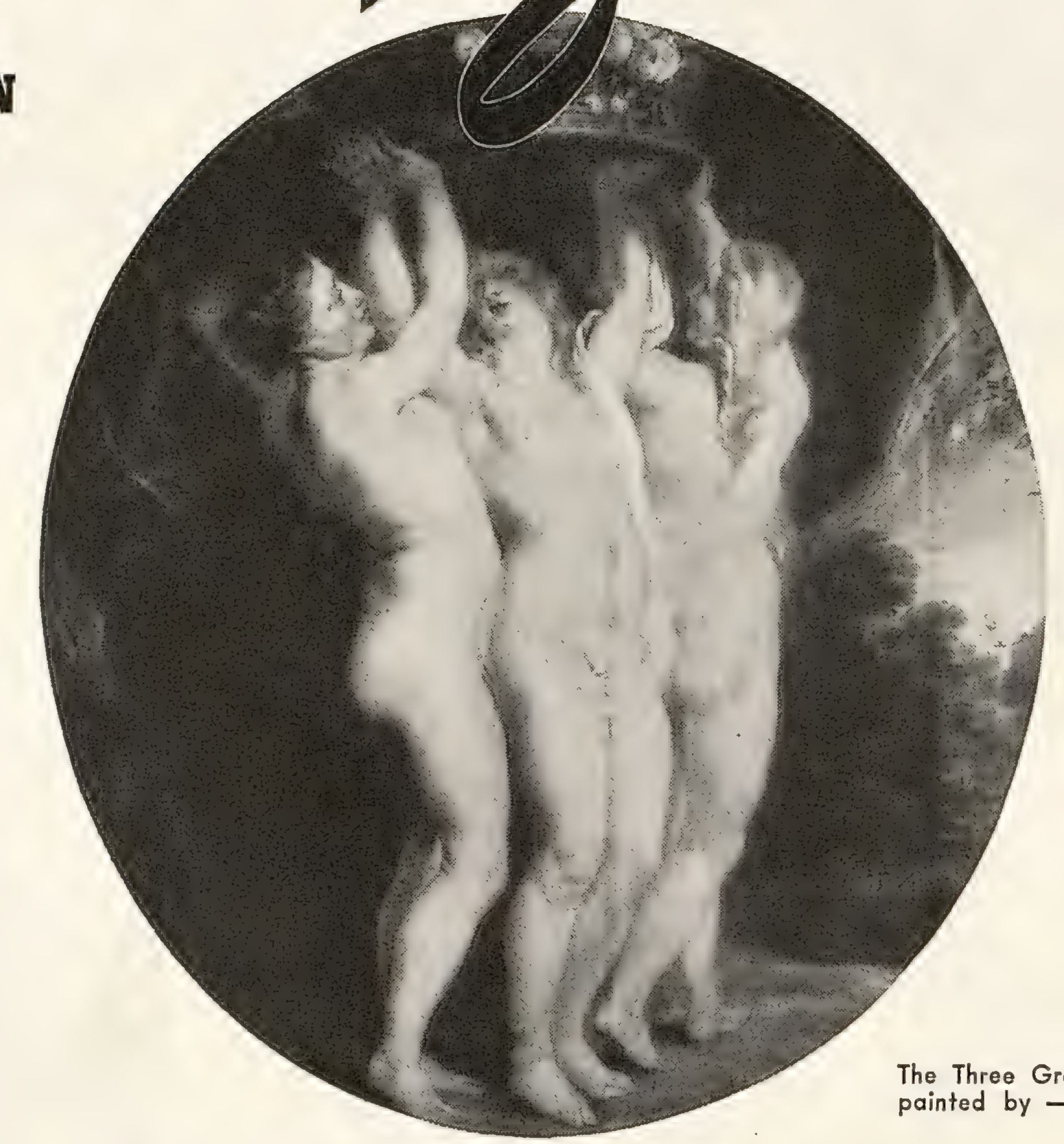
16—True or false?—Currier and Ives were famous print-makers of nudes; Michelangelo designed the costumes of the Swiss guards at the Vatican; one of Rembrandt's most celebrated canvases depicts a side of beef; the Empire gown was designed by Schiaparelli.

17—Which colonial master is noted for his portraits of George Washington?

18—Who painted the Dempsey-Firpo prize fight?

19—What is the popular name of Leonardo da Vinci's La Gioconda? Whistler's Arrangement in Gray and Black?

20—Name two pictures commonly hung in the offices of doctors.



The Three Graces, painted by — ?

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

21—What French artist is celebrated for his pictures of the ballet?

22—Name three painters who were also distinguished poets.

23—What is known as the mother of the arts?

24—What American painter is renowned for his portraits of British aristocracy?

25—What great French sculptor was accused of casting one of his figures from nature?

26—Who founded the Cubist school of painting, and why was the school so named?

27—What artist is famous for his illustrations of the works of Dickens? Of Alice in Wonderland?

28—Who decorated the walls of the Baker Memorial Library at Dartmouth College?

29—In what building in what city is the ceiling which was decorated by an artist while lying on his back for three years, and who was the artist?

30—What French landscape painter is a household favorite in America?

31—Name three of the many famous artists who have painted self-portraits.

32—Samuel F. B. Morse, the portrait painter, is also famous for what invention?

33—What artist produced The Dream of Venus at the New York World's Fair, and to what ultramodern shop-window school of painters does he belong?

34—What contemporary artist is noted for his portrayal of hillbillies?

35—Paul Revere, the midnight rider, was distinguished in what branch of the arts?

36—Who was the sculptor of the Lincoln statue in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington?

37—What living Middle-Western painter is noted for his pictures of storms and farm life?

38—Who made the first complete animated cartoon for the movies?

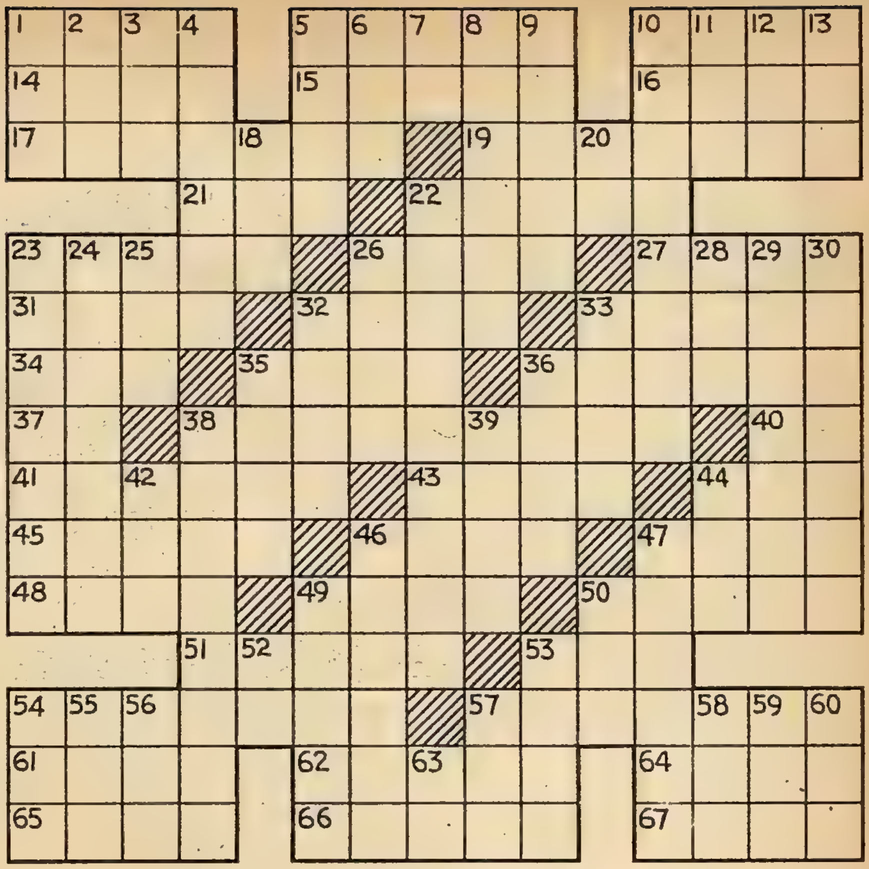
39—Correct or incorrect?—Audubon was a painter of birds; a portrait painter.

40—Who is America's most distinguished painter of the sea?

(*Answers will be found on page 38*)

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

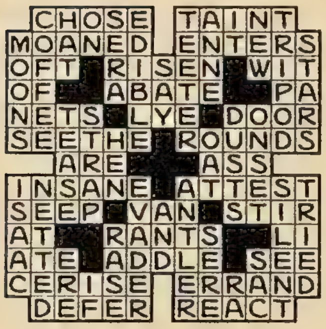


HORIZONTAL

1 Always
5 Pertaining to the sun
10 Seaport in Brazil
14 Unusual
15 Eat away
16 Border upon
17 Impart life to
19 Work
21 Beast of burden
22 Amphitheater
23 Process of putting color designs on textiles
26 Son of Adam
27 Speed
31 Portent
32 Trudge
33 Lunch wagon
34 Deliver
35 King of Israel
36 Intensity of an X-ray current
37 Small fish
38 Get rid of
40 In a vertical position
41 Surveyed with miner's compass
43 Dry
44 Note of Guido's scale
45 Terminated
46 At that time
47 Cereal husks
48 Leak through
49 Small building
50 Looks narrowly
51 Loathed
53 Part of a pig
54 Fruit (pl.)
57 Wind instrument
61 Smooth
62 Underground worker
64 Article of clothing
65 Obligation
66 Itch
67 Correct

VERTICAL

1 Period
2 Vehicle
3 Silkworm
4 Stay
5 Places
6 Native metal
7 Interjection
8 Worshiped
9 Rebuff
10 Eden
11 Arabic garment
12 Groove
13 Consumed
18 Request
20 Prefix: in
22 Did away with
23 Compound of boron (pl.)
24 Solution of starch
25 Spread for drying
26 An astringent
28 Collection of facts
29 According to rule
30 Surgeon's saw (pl.)
32 Compensated
33 To bestow excessive love
35 Conveyance
36 Mend
38 Animal
39 Want
42 Suffix: act
44 Before
46 Essay
47 Soil
49 Impress
50 Companion (colloq.)
52 Article
53 Greek goddess
54 Article of furniture
55 Hail
56 Beak
57 Pronoun
58 Fish
59 Japanese sash
60 Seine
63 Not



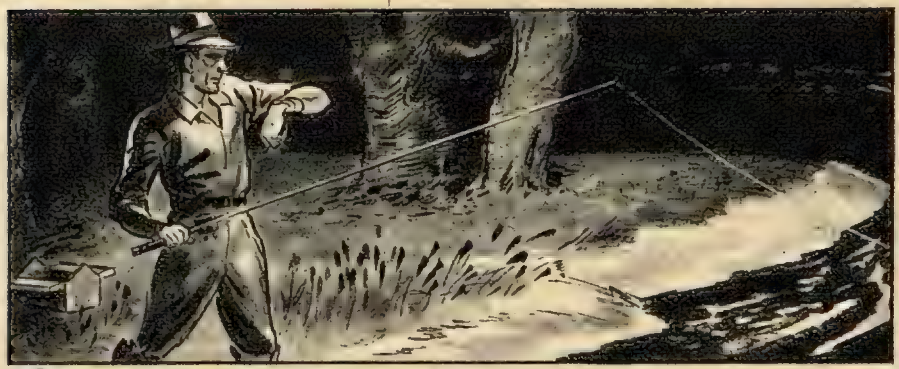
CHOSE TAINT
MOANED ENTERS
OFT RISEN WIT
OF ABATE PA
NETS LYE DOOR
SEETHE ROUNDS
ARE ASS
INSANE ATTEST
SEEP VAN STIR
AT RANTS LI
ATE ADDLE SEE
CERISE ERRAND
DEFER REACT

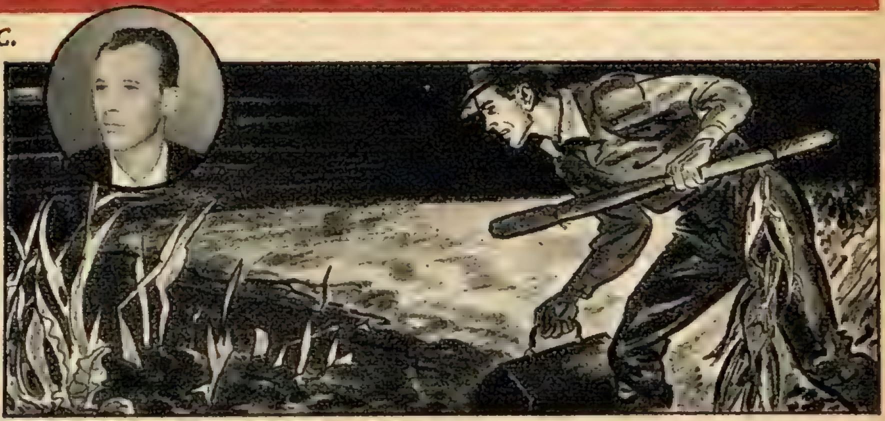
Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"BLACK DEATH CLOSED IN ON ME!"

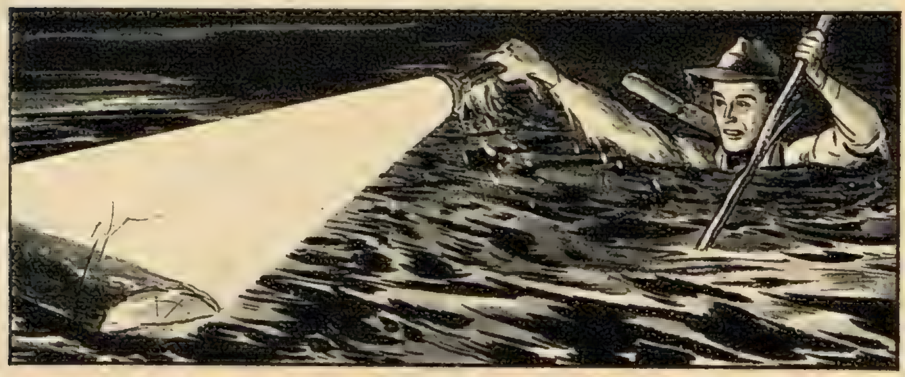
A true experience of WILBUR MOSLEY, *Mt. Airy, N. C.*





❶ **"TORRENTS OF RAIN** had been coming down all afternoon when I arrived at my favorite fishing spot—a place where the river turned at a sharp angle. My luck was so good that I lost track of time until I glanced at my watch at 10 P.M.

❷ **"HASTILY GATHERING UP** my equipment, I started back to my car. Suddenly, to my horror, I saw that on each side of me was a hundred yards of black rushing water. The river had overflowed its banks and was engulfing my 'island.'



The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

❸ **"WITH THE AID** of my flashlight and a pole for sounding the water's depth, I struck out into the flood. Sometimes I slipped into water over my head—but the drenched flashlight burned on—and I reached higher ground. Believe me, that night 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries saved my life!

(Signed) Wilbur M Mosley"

Note: *An "Eveready" flashlight with "Eveready" batteries, will normally continue to burn under water.*

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EVEREADY
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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

Bush Fire

From America's most beloved writer of romance!
A vivid, colorful novelette, complete in this issue

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE little car jounced cautiously over a rutted road scarcely more than a bush track. Tom had been driving all day and was tired, his long legs cramped, the muscles in his neck tense. But he was not too fatigued to watch the opening up of the bush. The headlights pierced, the bush flowered into beauty, and he knew without seeing how, behind him, it closed in again, dark and waiting.

It had rained almost all day, the cold driving rain of winter. At noon he had turned off the highway and sheltered in the bush where road makers had a camp. He had shared his cigarettes with them, and his newspapers, boiled his billy tea at their fire and talked. The rain dripped on the canvas and from the trees beyond the clearing a bellbird called and one answered, the clarity of their notes extraordinarily delicate, like smitten wineglasses. The road makers had been good fellows, lean, hard, with the ironic brand of humor he had come to identify with the Australian, the paucity of words, the slow laughter.

They had pigeonholed him at once.

" Yank? "

" That's right."

" Seeing a bit of the world, eh? "

" That's right too."

" How long have you been in these parts? "

Months, he told them, knocking about the big cities, getting off the beaten track, flying north, spending weeks on small steamers, drifting among the fantastic gardens of the Great Barrier Reef. He'd bought this car in Brisbane and was making south again.

He asked them, as he asked every one, if they'd ever heard of a station owner by the name of Peter Wilson.

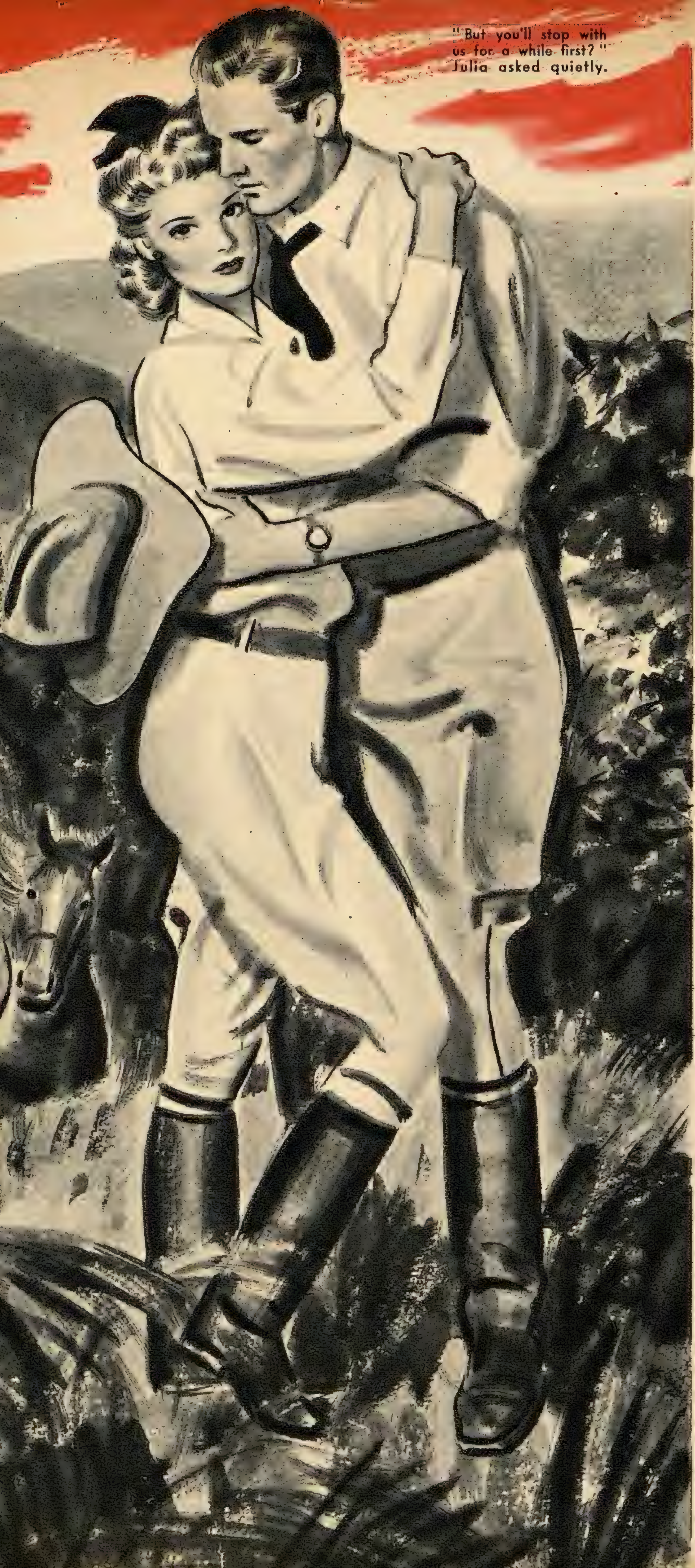
A common enough name. The road makers shook their heads. And Tom said, lighting a cigarette:

" I thought I'd find him in Queensland . . . but I had no luck."

Queensland, suggested one of the men, was a bloody big place.

After his rest, his tea, and the cut

BY FAITH BALDWIN



"But you'll stop with us for a while first?" Julia asked quietly.

lunch his last night's pub had put up for him, Tom was on his way again along the highway. But the highway, once he had turned away from the marvelous scalloped coast with the green water lashing itself white on dark rocks and rolling up the golden beaches, had ceased to interest him and he took the back roads, the roads into the bush.

It would soon be spring, and here and there the wattles bloomed, static sunlight, with their smell of honey faintly apparent through the odor of gums, the clean sharp fragrance that is Australia. The creeks were full and the ponds replenished by winter rains, and paddocks were green, and greener still the young wheat springing.

It was not raining now and Tom drove on, remembering his map. He should presently come to a crossroads and a sign, and if he turned left he would reach a good road again and it would bring him to the town where he would spend the night. His mind was full of the treasurable impressions of this day, of every day: Long-legged birds by a still sheet of water; the ring-barked ghost gums, tall, white, dead; the bowlegged gait of a swagman walking down the road, his swag on his back; the camp of drovers heading overland with a mob of Queensland cattle; a girl in a pink cotton dress and a frayed sweater standing on the steps of a wooden house with a corrugated-iron roof; the maniac contagious laughter of a kookaburra; the brilliant flight of parrots among the trees; the melody of magpies.

If he never found Peter Wilson, he had much to remember.

Before his lights showed him the crossroad he saw something move, and then stand still, a dark shape among the shadows. Two dark shapes. A female wallaby and a little one, frozen into immobility by the lights, with their pear-shaped kangaroo bodies and their pretty faces, like those of does, the trusting eyes, the sensitive nose. Before he reached them they had gone.

HE slept that night in a town so like the others he had seen, a four-corners town, with wide streets, the shops with sheltering veranda roofs, the few houses with gardens coming into first bloom, the pub on the corner with its swinging sign and a fire burning on the hearth of the small musty lounge. His room was small and the sheets were damp, the bar had long been closed to the casual dropper-in, but Tom, signing the book, was now resident, so he could lean on the polished counter and have his drink before the thick-set landlord took him upstairs.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he unlaced his shoes and asked:

"I suppose you've not heard of a station owner named Peter Wilson?" He laughed, his blue eyes alert, his tanned face friendly. "I've been looking for him all over Australia. Thought he'd be in Queensland. . . .

Met half a dozen Wilsons up there but none was the right one."

The landlord scratched his head. He said thoughtfully:

"There's a Wilson at Mirrigen homestead. . . . I don't know his other name . . . but I've heard of him. It's a big property for these parts."

"Where's that?"

The man told him and Tom rose to get his map. He laid it on the dresser and the landlord traced the route with his stubby finger.

Tom marked the route hopefully. Not that he hadn't hoped before, each time, and not that it had come to anything. He looked at the tracings on the map. Down there, the southern tablelands, not far from the Victoria border. . . . The landlord went on talking. Wilson of Mirrigen had passed through this town once, possibly two years ago, and put up at the Eagle. He remembered him because of the girl.

"What girl?"

"His daughter."

She was good as a man, the landlord said. They'd taken over the sitting room on the second floor, and some of the station owners from hereabouts had come to meet them. The landlord had been in and out of the room with drinks and had heard the girl talking, of the wool clip, of prices, of wheat. The men had listened to her.

"Well," Tom decided, "I'll head that way tomorrow."

"Good-oh. . . ."

The door shut, the landlord was gone, and Tom went to the window and looked out over the low roof down on the dimly lighted street. A group of men stood under the street lamp, a car rattled by, far away a train whistled petulantly.

He turned in and slept in a bed, not too comfortable, as if it were cushioned in silk. He had learned to sleep like this on the road.

THE next day was like other days, save that the sun shone and he followed a winding blue river. That day brought its own chance-met acquaintances, its own astonishments. The rain-washed air was aromatic and good, and the magpies were black and white on the paddocks, whistling like mad.

The morning of the following day found him in the sizable town twenty-five miles from Mirrigen, and leaving the highway presently, a narrow road took him out among the rolling hills.

His eyes, grown accustomed to classifying and grading properties, were pleased with what they could see of Mirrigen, the rail-and-post fences, carefully mended, the fat sheep grazing in the paddocks, the absence of soil erosion which had both impressed and distressed him in other parts. Here trees stood in clumps, almost parklike, and there were fewer ring-barked evidences prophetic of disaster. He crossed rattling little bridges over full creeks, he saw plentiful evidence that neither rains nor drought, tree slaughter nor windstorm had ravished this land as so many others. Haystacks and a type of silo unknown to him testified to thrift.

The last pub keeper had given him full directions, and presently he was driving up a good road bordered by trees and the homestead was there before him, sheltered by the hills, long, low, and built of stone. Wide verandas and vines flowering up the posts, more trees and a garden. He stopped his car and drew a deep breath.

A GIRL came out on the veranda. She wore breeches and boots and an open shirt. The sun was bright on her honey-colored hair. She had the fine long legs, the careless free stride of the Australian girl. A couple of pups galloped around her heels, fatly athletic, falling over each other.

Tom turned off his motor and got out of the car. He said, as she came toward him:

"I'm looking for Peter Wilson of Mirrigen."

"My father," she said instantly. "He's out now but he'll return presently." She had steel-gray eyes; they regarded him with frank curiosity. She smiled. "American?" she asked.

He said, "Yes. . . . Tom Wilson, from Seattle, Washington."

She said thoughtfully:

"My grandfather's brother went to the States."

He grinned down at her. Not far, for she was almost as tall as he.

"I've come a long way to hear some one say that," he said.

By teatime they had it all straightened out, the distant relationship. Sitting on the lounge by the fire with Julia and Peter Wilson, drinking his tea, eating the hot buttered scones, Tom said, laughing a little at himself:

"I had to have an objective. Perhaps Americans are like that. I couldn't say to myself, 'I'll take a year off and go to Australia.' I had to have a reason. I had to say, 'I'll take a year off and go to Australia and find my father's cousin.' I took my time about it, of course. I've no doubt I would have found Mirrigen sooner had I gone to the right authorities . . . but instead I asked people along the way, men on ships, swagmen on the road, drovers, sheepherders, pub keepers. I thought, of course, that I'd find you in Queensland—my father told me that his great-uncle had settled there."

"He did," said Peter Wilson. He was a big man, a little stooped in the heavy shoulders and with a high color under his cheekbones. "But my father came south and took over this property. He was a younger son. The other two stayed in Queensland, died there, their properties went to their children, all girls, as it happened, who married. But my father came here. He bought this place, and managed it and the property of my mother, which adjoins it, as well. He called it Mirrigen. That's a Queensland name, it means—stars."

Julia said quietly:

"There are thousands of them, over the hills."

"It's a good name," said her father. He was silent a moment and his face was shadowed. Then he put out his hand and slapped Tom on the shoulder. He said:

"You'll stop with us."

It was not a question, it was a statement.

"If you'll have me," said Tom, "I'd be grateful. I'm footloose, as free as air."

After tea Wilson went out again and Julia took Tom to a room overlooking the garden and orchard and, beyond, the hills and the paddocks. She asked, indicating his travel-worn Gladstone:

"You came from the States with just that?"

He said, smiling:

"I left a raft of stuff in Sydney."

"Send for it," she said.

"But I hadn't intended to trespass on your hospitality for very long," he said. "I'd planned to take a look at Victoria, and then head into the western district."

"It will be summer before long," she told him, "spring is almost here. By Christmas it will be very hot. You can't go off into the desert—" She added soberly, "It will please my father to have a young man here, one of his own blood. My brother's in Sydney, at school. He comes up for his holidays. Next year he goes to the university. It will be a long time before he can take over. I wish you'd stop. There's so much we'll want to know, so much you can tell us."

HE told them a little that night, after dinner. They sat in deep leather chairs in the dining room and now and then Wilson rose to kick back a log on the fire.

It was a simple enough story. Growing up in Seattle, going to school there. Tom Wilson could always be sure of an audience at recess time in the schoolyard, he could always say, carelessly, "My uncle from Australia." It was sure to get a laugh and a pressing around him of the other boys, "Go on, tell us more, tell us about your uncle from Australia. . . ."

Not an uncle exactly; a cousin more likely. But it was a good tale just the same, and he could prove it if they wanted to come home with him and see the exotic treasures sent to his grandfather and packed away in the cowhide trunk in the attic—a piece of kangaroo skin, a boomerang, a spear, a lump of matrix black opal. . . .

Two young men had left Devonshire, in England, brothers, and one had gone to New England in America, and the other to Australia. The son of the New Englander had worked his way West.

Tom said, laughing, "It makes us second cousins or something. Or once removed. I never understand about the removed."

His mother, he explained, had been a Californian. Her people had gone out in '49. She had died when he was in grade school, and just before his graduation from high school his father had been killed in an accident. He went to live with a sister of his mother in San Francisco. There hadn't been enough money to send him through college, so he'd gone to work.

Mechanically minded, inventive, he'd managed some night courses, gone to work eventually in an airplane outfit in San Diego. There he'd been lucky and invented a gadget which meant money in his purse.

"I WAS working for them," he explained; "it belonged to them by rights. They were fair about it—a down sum and a royalty. It isn't a fortune, but it left me free. I'd always wanted to travel. . . . I took a liner out of Los Angeles that was making a South Seas cruise. I knocked around the islands for a bit. When I got tired I waited for a freighter or a tramp or an interislander to come along. I'd fixed up my passport before I left home. After about eight months I headed for Sydney. I'd turned over my affairs to a Los Angeles bank before I left. They arranged things with the Bank of New South Wales. So I have funds there. I thought I'd give myself a year here and then I'd go back. My old job's waiting, or, rather, a slightly better one. . . ."

"Stop with us," said Peter Wilson again, drawing on his pipe, "and learn something about the land. I don't know what it's like in the States, but here a man who lives on the land can call his soul his own. He has his troubles. Drought, rot, flies, falling prices. . . . He watches land eaten up by greed . . . too many sheep to the acre, too many trees slaughtered for a bit more grazing ground. Erosion, loss. He has sun and fire, wind and flood to contend with; he plants wheat and he can't give it away. But he manages. He'd rather take the land and all its heartbreak than any fine job in the city. When your great-uncle came to Queensland he settled outback, in the bush. He cleared, he sweated, he worked, and he had something to show for it before he died."

Tom said, "Before I came out here I thought sheep raised themselves. I know better now, although I haven't seen much of the life."

"It isn't far off to shearing," said Peter. "You stop with us and we'll show you, eh, Julia?"

Julia smiled. Her face was quiet in repose, lean at the jaw, broad at the temples, cream and brown. She had changed for dinner into a long frock. Tom had known a great many girls, back home and in California. He had seen girls in Hollywood and in New York, in Los Angeles, San Diego. He had loved one or two. He had seen girls on shipboard, in shorts and in

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evening frocks. He had seen smart girls in Sydney and he had seen cruise-ship tourist girls in the South Seas. This was an old frock; it was the fashion of year before last. It became her.

Peter said thoughtfully:

"There's war coming. Wool will go up, and wheat. There is money to be made. It will go out again in taxes. Our young men will go, as they went last time. I went last time. I was at Gallipoli."

He was silent a moment. He drank from his glass and looked up at the picture which hung over the mantel. The picture of a young man in uniform with a sensitive withdrawn face. The King.

Peter said softly, as if to himself:

"It will have to be done all over again. A bloody waste, a horror. I know. I can't go this time. But there's Malcolm." He raised his blue eyes and looked at Tom. "How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Twenty-seven."

"Then it may be for you too," he said. "Who knows?"

He rose and looked down at them. "I'm for bed," he said.

He touched Tom's shoulder briefly. "Glad to have you at Mirrigen," he told him. "Good night."

The fire hissed on the hearth. Julie said, sighing, waking from some dream of her own:

"His heart's not good. He wants to hold out till Malcolm comes back from the university. Mirrigen will be Malcolm's some day."

That night Tom slept between sheets smelling faintly of lavender. The wind blew from the hills, and in the dawn a kookaburra chuckled faintly. Later, when the sun was higher, a faint silver frosting lay over grass and garden and the air was extraordinarily clear. Far in the distance the ranges marched, blue, as violets are blue.

Breakfast was at seven thirty, served by an apple-cheeked countrywoman. Porridge and chops and pots of strong tea, toasted scones and honey. There would be a horse for Tom if he liked to ride, and Malcolm's old riding kit would fit him if he had none of his own. And he must write to the storage people in Sydney and have the rest of his luggage sent on to Mirrigen.

He rode out presently with Julia, dismounting often to open gates and close them. Over the paddocks, up the narrow trails into the hills. From a high ridge he could see Kosciusko, with snow on its forehead. They stopped a dozen times to talk to boundary riders, to men working on the fences. Riding through open stretches of bush, the parrots screamed overhead, and once Julia halted to point out the mob of kangaroos making across an open paddock for the scrub.

When it was sun-high noon they stopped for lunch where the land ran down to a gully. Big gums bordered it, a soldierbird whistled from the branches, and the white cockatoos with their sulphur crests flew shrieking above the full waters of the creek. Tom spoke of their beauty, and Julia nodded.

"Perhaps. But I think of the damage to the young wheat," she said. "If you'd ever seen thousands of them swooping down, destruction with wings!"

She had sandwiches in her saddlebags, and the quart pot was untied—there was a spring not far away and they went to fill the billycan. Coming back, they built their fire in the stump of a gum and the smoke rose straight and blue and spicy on the chill air. Sprawling on the ground while the water boiled, watching her throw the tea in and put the twig across the top of the can, Tom spoke of the bush.

"I used to read about it," he said, "but books on Australia were scarce at home. I thought of it as a sort of jungle. I've seen jungles since in the South Seas, thick, lush, poison green. Then in Queensland there are the rain forests, thick too. But the bush, the real bush—why, it's all light, it takes its color from the light, the grays and the greens, the sickle-shaped leaves of the gum trees. I never thought I'd see them growing," he said, "as they do up north, three hundred feet high."

He watched her unpack the sand-

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wiches and went on talking, as if to himself. She was a quiet girl, companionable. She looked at you directly. She listened. Sometimes she smiled.

"It's the light here," he said, "even in winter. Hard, brilliant, it seems at first to absorb all color. Coming from the islands, where everything is defined, the blues and the greens and the rainbow flowers, I was disappointed at first. Then I began to see . . . there's blue here too, the sky, the bush shadows, the mountains. . . . But it's the grays and browns and greens I like best, soft, melting, infused with light."

They drank their sugared tea with its smoky unforgettable tang, and ate the sandwiches, the little cakes, the shortbread. He gave her a cigarette and they sat and smoked and listened to the magpies and watched, over the rise of the hill, the moving shapes of sheep.

"You wouldn't be happy away from here?" he asked suddenly.

She shook her head.

"I hate cities. The few years I was at school in Sydney I loathed it. That was after my mother died. Before, I had a governess."

"How old are you, Julia?"

"Twenty. Malcolm's sixteen."

She looked out over the gully to the hills. She said presently, "We must come here at sunset some day. It's wonderful, as if the air were burning . . ."

Tom said, finding a tiny white star-shaped flower in the grass, picking it to examine the snowflake perfection of its miniature petals:

"I met a man up north last month. He told me that the sunsets in Adelaide were worth going to see. I thought perhaps I'd see them some day . . . Adelaide and then Perth."

"But you'll stop with us for a while first?" she asked quietly.

"I'll stay. I'd like to see the shearing. And perhaps there's something I could do to help."

"Up until last year," she said, smiling, "we always had a jackaroo or two on the place. You know what they are?"

"Of course," he said, "pastoral students. Isn't that the highbrow term? Originally out of England. Now, generally Australian boys who want to learn about the land and who'll have properties of their own to manage one day."

She suggested, smiling:

"We've never had a Yankee jackaroo."

THE days slipped by toward spring. In the garden poinsettias flamed; the jacarandas came into feathery mauve, blossomed against a turquoise sky; the almond and quince were rosy snow. Pink daphne and brown boronia held fragrance sweeter than Eden, and the lilacs bloomed bravely. The flowering gums were waxen snow and rose. Sometimes there was late tea under the spreading boughs of the Moreton Bay fig tree, but more often Tom and Julia went out to the lower paddocks, or up in the hills, to boil their billy and watch the sun declining. Everywhere the wattles were a golden glory.

With the approach of shearing time the activities of the station became more apparent. The crutching of the sheep took place just before, and then the cleaning and disinfecting of the sheds, to guard against tetanus. Down from the north came the shearers, the roustabouts, and the cooks. The shearers lived well. They earned good money. Twenty shining machines were ready in the Mirrigen shed, where the sheep from the adjoining property which Peter Wilson managed, in trust for Malcolm and Julia, were also shorn. The fine stud sheep were shorn by hand and the shearers drew double pay for that. Many of the shearers engaged from year to year had worked for ten, twenty years at Mirrigen, year after year.

Prior to the shearing, notice was given the local police and the accommodations for the men were inspected for accordance with the standards set by the law. Piece pickers, shed hands, a machinery expert, pressers, wool classers—the station swarmed with life.

The shearers worked in four shifts of two hours a day, commencing at seven thirty, and the master of Mirrigen, his daughter, his servants, and his guest rose earlier these spring mornings. Tom, standing in the shed watching the work and the deft hands, was fascinated. The dark fleece would fall to the floor and be picked up and thrown to a table where the piece picker worked, separating the shorter staples, the greasy fringes. The shed was heavy with the smell of grease. The classer worked, defining count, yield, evenness and length of staple.

FROM classer to presser, and the wool put in the hessian-lined classified bins, and then pressed into bales, fastened with clips, stamped with the Mirrigen brand and according to classification, ready for lorry transport to the nearest railway.

The denuded sheep slipping down a chute were then branded and released to pasture after the precautionary dipping.

"They're not as unhappy as they look," Julia assured Tom; "they're glad to be rid of the weight. What weather we're having!" She drew a deep breath. "If you knew how we pray for dry weather at this time."

Tom nodded. He knew that wet sheep should not be sheared, that shearing wet wool results in sores and disease for the shearers, that packing wool results in spontaneous combustion more often than not. He had heard in the north of the cry "Wet wool," and the men tossing a coin to decide whether or not it was safe to shear.

The pastoral life swung in its ordered cycles, with its tragic dependence upon weather. Too much rain, too little . . . either a tragedy. Flood or dry rot, the blowfly or famine. And all year round the multiple duties, the boundary riding, the securing of fences, the anxious time of lambing, of weaning, the crutching and shearing.

There were other duties. Mirrigen had fine horses, a herd of good cattle, and famous sheepdogs. Mirrigen had wheat. This year the wheat had been early and the sheep turned in to eat it back. Fodder was stored in haystacks and the new movable silos.

Summer came drifting in, and by summer Tom was a part of the place, rising early, going early to sleep. Now and then Julia took him to call at other stations, hours distant on horseback, or even by car. There was always a guest or two at Mirrigen, people from the cities, station people. And at the back door the ubiquitous sundowner, arriving too late to work but in time for an evening meal and perhaps a shakedown before he was on his way again.

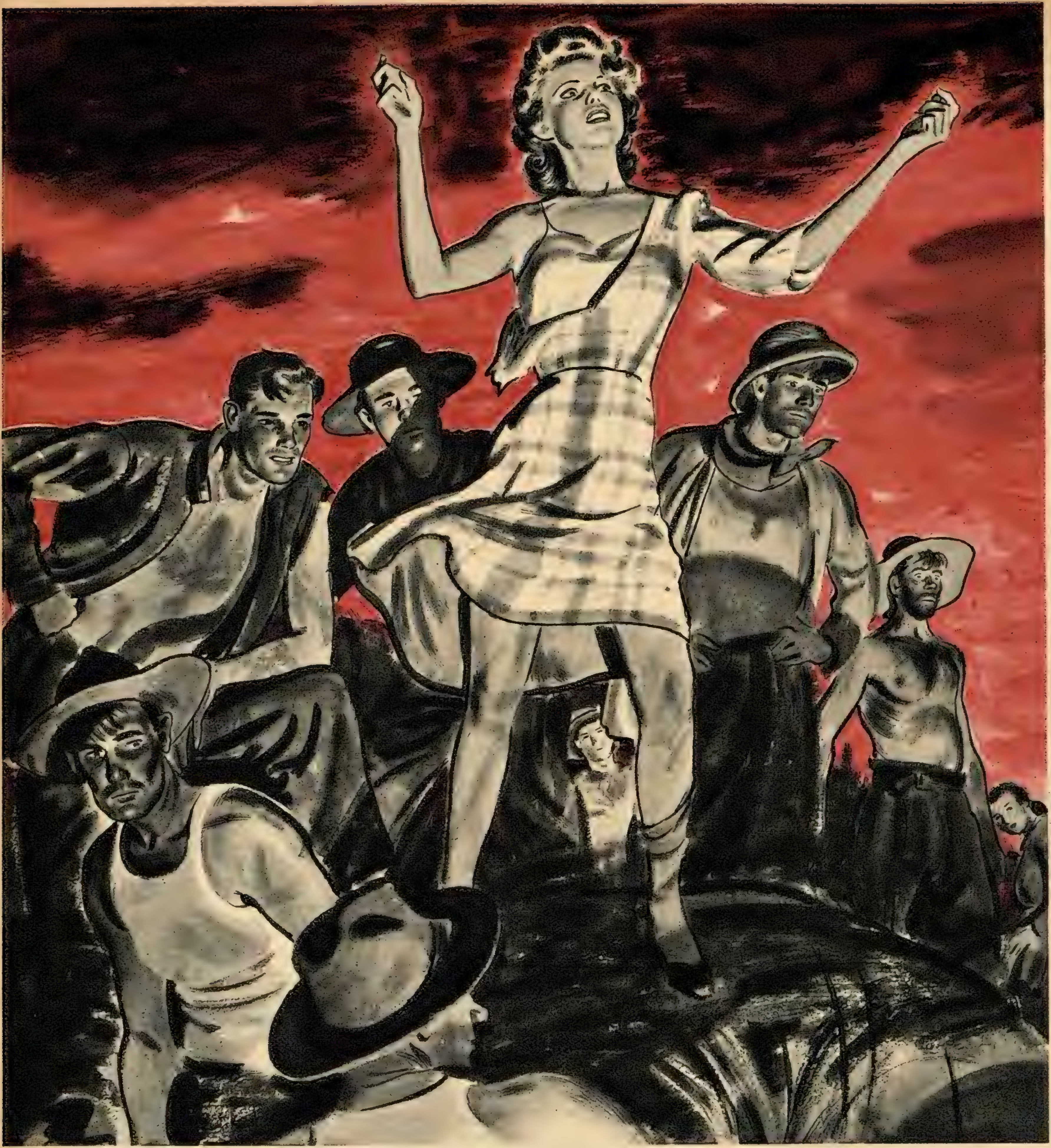
BY the time the year slid toward Christmas it was very hot. The red December sun rose, merciless, and set with equal lack of pity. At night, as a rule, the cool wind would rise from the hills, but the next day was hotter still, a white-hot sky tight-stretched, a copper sunlight. The rivers dried and the creeks and even the billabongs, the water holes, and the white dust rose on the roads and the trees were gray with it. Where once the paddocks had been alive and green there were dead yellow-brown acres of stubble.

Yet Christmas was in the old tradition, with guests at the big table and a vast amount of heavy hot food, turkey and plum pudding. "Why we do this, God knows," said Julia wearily, her yellow hair damp and her face drawn, "but we do, year after year."

At home, Tom thought, in the eastern states, there'd be snow, and heavy gray skies and a wild wind calling. Holly and mistletoe and the green fir tree trimmed with tinsel, and children shouting over new sleds. But home was very far away and none to mark his coming or going remained, with his mother's sister dying since he left California and a few scattered cousins all he could call his own. He had no home unless he wanted to make one for himself—and Julia.

He had been in love with her always, he told himself, ever since that first day at Mirrigen. Growing into friendship, into comradely relationship, growing into tenderness and necessity and desire. He told her so that Christmas night, standing on the veranda, looking up at the stars, feeling the dry earth turn under the Southern Cross. Looking at the sky and feeling small and uncertain. . . .

They were always looking at the sky these days, praying for rain. . . . The station owner took a terrific loss in the droughts and this was the worst in several years. Even Peter Wilson's foresightedness was not quite proof against it. He would not



Julia said hoarsely, "It's changed! Oh, thank God, the wind's changed!"

lose as would many of his neighbors, but he would lose.

Yet he had been so careful, he had been on the side of the angels, abhorring greed. Running one sheep to an acre and a half, filling his silos, raising his haymows, keeping certain paddocks in reserve, sparing his trees.

Tom spoke to Julia, standing there, looking over the burned-off hills.

"Would you go home with me?" he asked her. "You must know how much I love you, Julia."

She put her firm hand on his, raised her mouth to his kiss. She said after a while:

"I love you as much. But I can't leave Mirrigen, Tom. . . . I have to see it through until Malcolm takes over. I can't leave my father."

He nodded in the darkness. He knew about Peter Wilson's bad heart—he knew with what he must contend.

She asked quietly:

"You wouldn't be content to remain here?"

He didn't know, he couldn't promise. He was no son of this earth, this hard-baked soil. He belonged thousands of miles away, on the shores of this same, this vast ocean. He should return, to his own kind of work which had to do with small intricate things of steel . . . work planned at a drawing board, made practical in a machine shop. His inventor's mind had not been idle during the months of wandering. He had already talked to Peter Wilson about an improvement in the shearing machines. Peter listened, saying very little. He was a cautious man.

Tom held Julia in his arms. He said:

"We're young, we've a right to our own lives. . . . Julia, if you'd come with me—"

She shook her head.

"Not now. Perhaps not ever. I belong on the land. Can't you see that, Tom?" She clung to him in sudden desperation and then drew away as her father called her from indoors. "On *this* land," she added.

She loved him but she would not go with him. How could he stay? This was not his world. Presently he must move on again, alone, to set sail for home. He followed her indoors.

Between Christmas and the New Year the fire started. It broke out about seven miles distant, and even before the telephone began its frantic calling they could see the advancing smoke, the reddened sky.

Tom went out with Julia and two of the station men in a Mirrigen car. At the crossroads other cars were waiting, men were gathered there. McMahon, captain of the fire brigade, was issuing orders. Tom had met McMahon before, a quiet man who spoke with authority. They picked up more volunteer workers, loaded them into the Mirrigen car and Julia and Tom went on with McMahon. They left the car presently and toiled a steep mountainside, where men already waited for their orders.

"You, Julia," McMahon said, "and Tom, would you go back and direct the workers?"

HE had it all planned, where each man was to go. They started off down the mountain with his directions clear in their minds. It was dusk and the men would be coming from all around, looking for jobs. On the road they found a lorry driver with a broken pump on his tank, lost, and looking for the way back to town. Julia gave him directions, and as he drove off, three utility trucks lumbered along, their lights shining in the darkness, loaded with men coming out to work. Julia jumped in one truck and Tom with her, hurtling in among the close-packed sweating bodies of the workers, tearing along the rough road at forty, bumping, rattling, lurching.

Later they were separated. Tom found himself working under direction, the sweat in his eyes blinding him, the close smell of smoke, the reddened sky, like whips at his heels. He helped burn firebreaks, helped find the dangerous logs which would be dealt with by lorries, or stood guard over those which could be dealt with. Presently Julia was with him, working beside him. Once they stood there listening to the sheep in a paddock near by, burning to death. His gorge rose, he couldn't endure it. He tried to speak and his voice wouldn't come. She said steadily, "I know. I've been through this before. You can't save those, Tom. But there are others we must save. . . ."

All night long they were watching logs on the mountain and listening to the sheep die.

At dawn, Masters, the owner of the paddock, came by.

"How many?" Julia asked him.

"Two hundred," he said. He looked half dead. He was black with grime and smoke and sweat. His hands were raw.

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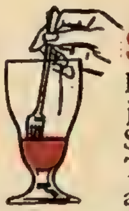
HARRY: What a good idea, smarty! I had that up-and-coming feeling, just like you, when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste. **BETH:** Well, you'll like *this* taste! It's like oven-fresh bread! Millions of old yeast-eaters like you are going to fall for it. Twice a day for me . . . and it *does* make a difference.

HARRY: I'd give it a work-out if I thought I could stick with it. I believe what the authorities say: "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex." **BETH:** Believe it? I know it! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if there isn't a boom in your personal pep!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

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He went off to muster what were left. Later they heard he had mustered eleven. Eleven out of two hundred. His homestead was gone and most of his stock. But they heard him cracking jokes with the workers as he went by. . . .

The sun had come up again, hard and without pity and hotter than the hinges of hell. Julia and Tom looked at each other. Her yellow hair was filthy and her face streaked with dirt and smoke. There were blisters on her hands. She said, her cracked lips smiling:

"I'd wash up, Tom, if we could spare the water."

Some one came along and offered them a lift to the nearest homestead, Yura. The men hadn't come in yet but the mistress of the station and other women were preparing quantities of breakfast for the workers. She took them in without a word and sent Julia up to her bathroom and Tom off to a shower. After they had bathed they had coffee and a stiff whisky-and-soda. They couldn't eat. They wanted to sleep, but that was out of the question too. They went, finally, into the homestead office and Julia lay down on a battered leather couch and dropped off for a moment. Tom, in a chair by the desk, looked at her from under his heavy eyelids. In sleep, her face was grave and innocent. There was a deep scratch on her right cheek. He could see the blisters on her relaxed hand. . . .

BETWEEN eight and nine they both slept heavily, and then woke to hear the phone screaming its necessity and to hear cars tearing by and a fifty-mile-an-hour gale blowing death and destruction, the great flames rising and the fire, breaking away from the workers, heading for Yura.

The next half hour was ordered chaos, giving and getting instructions. When Tom and Julia left, on foot, their fatigue had passed and they were wide awake, trudging along side by side, saving their breath for work, not wasting it in speech. A man pulled off the road, in a utility, hailed them. He had a flat and couldn't jack it up because of the two heavy drums of water on the back of the utility. Between them, they helped roll the drums off, jacked up the wheel, changed the tire, put back the drums and went back with him to the house for gas. By now the fire was completely out of hand, and heading for the homestead.

It was like looking into a mobile inferno, the deadly advance of the flames, the hiss and roar, the singing wind, the shouting men, the terrific activity. Just below the house a dry creek lay filled with dead leaves and grass and thistles.

They sat there on the bank, with other workers and watched the fire come tearing over the hill, and Tom said, "I wonder how long before we'll start running . . ."

Halfway down the hill . . . and then the wind changed. Julia jumped to her feet. Her voice was raw with shouting. She said hoarsely, "It's changed! Oh, thank God, the wind's *changed!*"

She ran and he followed. He saw the men running in the direction she had taken. He called, "Where are we going?" And she shouted back, "To save the woolshed, if we can . . ."

The woolshed, farther down the creek, was on the other side of the road. The fire jumped the creek and the road and it took five fire tanks and several hundred men with beaters and knapsacks of water, working with all that was in them, to save the woolshed.

LATER they were staggering along toward another outbreak, half dead with fatigue but still on their feet, when they came upon a member of the police force who stared at them, grinning a little. He said:

"You look shaky, Julia," and produced a bottle and a tin cup.

Straight rum. Julia had the first drink and Tom the second. They looked at one another and laughed. "Thanks," said Tom, coughing, and the officer of the law said, grinning back, "You can shout for me some day, digger."

"Digger," repeated Tom, still coughing as they went on. "That takes me into the fold, doesn't it? Not Yank but digger. Next time I go to the pub and he's there I'll shout for him all right. I'll shout a couple of rounds or more. That just about saved my life. Have a cigarette?"

Julia shook her head.

"I'd blow up," she admitted. "I don't dare breathe for fear I'll light up all the grass between Yura and Mirrigen."

They looked at each other and laughed. Neither had ever looked less comely. Neither had ever looked more beautiful to the other.

A car came along and Tom hailed it. It was full of men going out to work on the dangerous side of the road. They got their lift and were dropped off when they came to the last gully a car could cross, and they walked along their patch of fire front, dragging in dangerous logs, chopping out roots that were still on fire, pouring water on the worst spots. Reaching the end of their beat, they met McMahon, the captain, and all but one of the crew working there were sent out to a spot where the fire was still out of hand.

They were a long time out there, and worked every minute of it. But at three in the morning things looked comparatively safe. Julia and Tom walked back along the road until a car picked them up and took them to Mirrigen. They had not had their clothes off since the fire started and had had very little to eat.

Peter was at home, looking very grim. There was nothing much he could do, with his heart the way it was, but give and send instructions over the telephone, keep food and drink ready for workers as they straggled in, direct cars, help where he could. He looked at Tom and his face twitched a little. He said:

"You've had a taste of things, haven't you?"

Tom nodded. He looked over at Julia, sprawled in a chair. "She saw to that—"

"It isn't her first time," said her father. If he had worried about Julia, he didn't say so. He spoke to her now. "Get some sleep. You're to be up in a couple of hours and take two horses out to the fire. They're needed. I can't spare any one else; all the men have their hands full."

At half past five Tom, half dressed, across his bed, was awakened by Julia's hand on his shoulder. She was shaking him. She said, "It's time we were off, Tom . . ." She looked down and her tired face softened. She added, "You needn't come. I can ride one, lead the other."

"The hell with that," he said angrily.

He got up, stretching his legs, opening and closing hands cramped and blistered from the ax haft. He made gestures at her. "Out of my way, woman," he said.

A shower, a change, and he was eating breakfast in the kitchen, boiling-strong tea, biscuits, jam. Then they were off with the two horses. They took them out to McMahon and that was the last they saw of them. They worked, with no time out, until sunset, when the horses were returned to them and they rode back in the dark, cross country all the way, the horses lively and skittering despite the work they had done all day.

Riding home under the stars they did not talk. They were content. They had helped to beat this hot red peril to life and homestead . . . they had helped. They had accomplished something.

FOR a week thereafter the fire was still a source of danger, although it did not get out of control again. Another, however, burned through an enormous district to join this one, not far from one of the big towns, and the loss was heavy.

Peter said, turning from the phone:

"You remember young Alec Campbell, Julia?"

"Of course," said Julia. "He's marrying Mary Bowden next week—"

"He's lost everything," said her father. "They've started a sheep subscription."

"What's that?" Tom asked.

Julia explained. Each local grazier would give five sheep. A hundred graziers in that district would start young Campbell off with a mob of five hundred. And then in the town near by they held a dance which, with donations, brought in enough money to rebuild his house.

They went to the dance, Julia and Tom. Her yellow hair was piled on top of her head, she wore a black lace frock. The hall in which they danced was stifling. The people who danced there were tired people who had been fighting fire for more than a week. They were laughing, joking. They were dancing to an indifferent orchestra as if they were in Prince's, in Sydney.

He said slowly, holding her close: "You're quite a girl, Julia."

"Why?"

A man danced by. He had lost a thousand sheep and his woolshed. He was complaining to his partner of his luck in the last races. He had bet on the favorite. "A fair cow," he said bitterly.

Australia is the only country in the world where you can call a black stallion a fair cow and be comprehended.

A fair cow . . . the height, the depth of opprobrium.

Tom laughed. He said:

"You weren't out of your clothes for forty-eight hours. You had no sleep to speak of, and little to eat. You use an ax like a man, you fight fire, and it's all in the day's work. You sit and listen to sheep dying in flames and it makes you sick. A white line comes around your mouth. But you don't scream and run. You aren't afraid. You're sick, but you keep on fighting. I love you. This is a great country. It produces people like these—" he indicated the people dancing past, the tired, gallant people. "It breeds women like you. If you'll take me, Julie, I'll stay as long as your father needs you. . . . Perhaps I can learn, too. There'll be time to go home later, when Malcolm takes over. I won't take you off the land, Julia, not yet."

THEY stopped dancing and looked at each other. She put her hand in his and they walked off the dance floor. They stood outside in the wide dusty street, dimly lighted, and watched the cars rattle past. They found their own car and headed for Mirrigen to tell Peter. Driving through the hot still night, still oppressed by a pall of smoke, smelling the smoke as they drove, they did not speak. There was no need of words between them.

They heard some one calling in the distance, a long clear "Coo-ee," that rose and fell upon the still air. The wind had gone, for which they thanked heaven. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps next day, it might rain and break the drought. They did not know. You rose up and met each day; it was the only way to live. So had your pioneer ancestors lived. Each day was new. You did not look back, you did not look too far ahead. You met today.

Tom Wilson, driving along the dusty road with Julia beside him, did not look ahead. He did not know where his future lay, whether here at Mirrigen for five years, ten, for always.

Whether, distantly, at home.

It did not matter. The future was good wherever it might be, as long as he and Julia were together.

THE END

I am now stuck with a cave!

A NO. 1 CAVE FOR RENT

I USED TO LIVE in a house like everybody else.

It was a nice house with rugs on the floor and chairs to sit in—and my friends liked it so well they used to come around for a drink every night.

They told all their friends, too. Pretty soon I was entertaining like a Maharajah. And since I didn't know about M & M, I'd just sit there, and then be haunted by dollar signs all night.

I finally decided to go into hiding, and a rental agent found me this cave. He said it was the best cave in the county, so I boarded up my house and paid a year's rent in advance.

Now I am sorry. A couple months after I moved in, the man in the cave next door told me about M & M whiskey. He said it was far less expensive than the whiskey I had been using, but that he'd bet his shirt it tasted better.

I tried it. It tasted better all right. A lot better. In fact, it's a wonderful whiskey. And it costs so little that I can afford to serve it to all my friends.

I would like to, very much. But my friends will not come to visit me in my cave. They say it gives them rheumatism.

So I am planning to move back to my house in April and serve M & M to my friends. I am trying hard to rent my cave. Any bidders?

YOU'LL PAY LESS...
...AND LIKE IT BETTER

MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY

Mattingly & Moore

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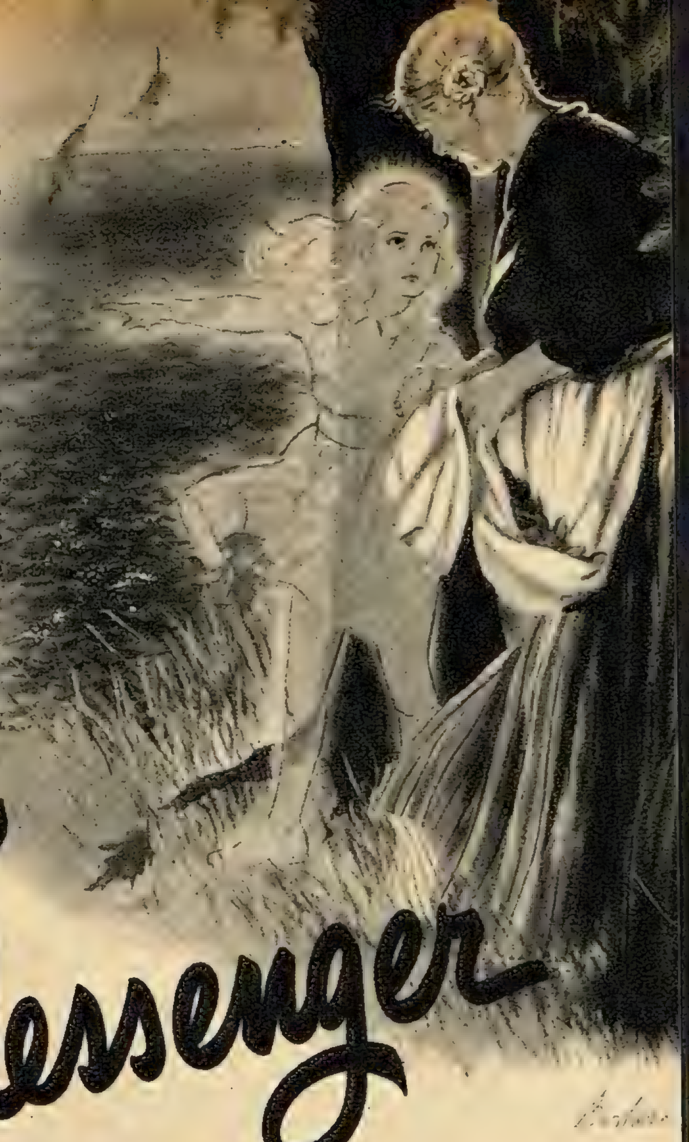

Faithful Messenger

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

LISA said it had stormed during the night, a great wind with a hard clatter of rain, but Ernest laughed. Never before, said he, had there been a stiller October night. He looked up his weather record. Yes, in the first week of October there had quite often been a storm, but not last night.

But Lisa told her husband that she was as nervous as though there had really been a storm, and she thought it would calm her to go out alone into the woods and gather some nuts. There is plenty of good nourishment in nuts, and one must garner like a squirrel, with winter ahead and the British blockade still in force, although the Führer would have seen to it that his people should not starve.

As soon as she left the house she began to think of Wilhelm. This was not unusual, for the thought of him was always there, deep down. But when she was alone and still, it was as though he walked beside her—sometimes as a tiny boy, reaching up his little hand to hers; sometimes as a school urchin, swinging his books, skipping about; sometimes as a tall youth, ruddy and happy and full of pride and song. Wilhelm was in the Führer's navy—a dangerous job but glorious. The glory of war was hard on mothers. And on sweethearts. Willy's little sweetheart, Marthe, had dark stains like dead fallen leaves under her blue eyes. She worked very hard, did Marthe, in the Land Corps of young women.

Lisa sighed and bent to gather nuts.

After a while, when the stillness of the woods had entered her mind, she saw coming toward her a child in a bright blue warm frock. It had not been there, and then it was there. A child of about seven years, with light yellow hair, a pale face like a city child's; a thin, pretty little girl.

Lisa stood straight, nuts in her apron gathered into one hand, to look at the child, but recognize her she could not. The little one means to ask me her way or to bring me some message, Lisa thought. She sees me: I am the only thing she sees.

But when the child came close she put her hand in Lisa's and began, as they involuntarily moved forward together, to look up with eyes like the huge pale violets of spring. And she chattered like a child that is with an old friend. But her words were in a foreign tongue.

Lisa liked the feeling of the small cool hand and held it close, smiling down into its owner's face.

It was like the old days, she thought, to walk back from the woods with nuts in her apron and a child's hand in hers. Willy's hand had been thicker and chubbier. This little hand would be more like the hand of Willy and Marthe's child, when they could be married and give her the little granddaughter they had promised, the granddaughter she so greatly wanted, that must be named Lisa, for her.

"What is your name, *liebe Kleine?*" she asked, speaking clearly and bending toward the child.

They had come out of the woods and were about to take the path down the hill. Below them lay the lake, and now a small wind had risen and the bright water was all in motion.

The little girl did not understand Lisa's question although it had been so clearly spoken, but she said something in a changed voice and pointed toward the lake. There were two words in this speech that Lisa seemed to recognize, though they were strangely pronounced. "Over," the little girl had said, and "water." Then, not looking at Lisa again but always at the lake, she drew away her hand and went quietly and quickly down the hill.

Lisa did not try to detain her or to call her back, though her heart was like a growing pain because the little hand was no longer in hers. But when the child went out of sight among the alders at the edge of the lake and did not come out again, Lisa was afraid. She called; then, holding up her apron, she ran. But when she reached the alders, the child was gone. There were no footprints on the soft wet ground.

Lisa looked all about but could not see the child. She felt very cold and fearful. A cloud came over and the wind grew strong. She went home . . . more and more slowly as she neared the house.

She had meant to tell Ernest and to ask his advice about the little foreign girl; but now, on the house steps, she remembered how he had made fun of her about the storm. Now, she thought unreasonably, he will not believe that I have held the hand of a little foreign child, as though it had been a granddaughter's, close in my hand.

She poured her nuts into a basket near the door and went in.

A man in uniform stood beside the central table, where sat Ernest, bent forward, his eyes sheltered from her with his two hands. But Lisa could see that tears were running over his chin and that his chin and beard were trembling.

Silently, blindly he held out to Lisa a paper. The officer spoke:

"Your son has been killed in action. Because of his gallantry, we have been graciously permitted to allow his last letter to come through without censorship, although, *gnädige Frau,* there are some words in it that seem doubtful."

Lisa said, "Thank you," although she had not understood his speech. She read Willy's letter.

Dearest Little Mother:

Somewhere in the North Sea. A violent storm. We have torpedoed and sunk an enemy vessel, westward bound. The engagement was successful, so we are glad. But it seems there were children on board. They were being evacuated. You see in what terror of our air force the enemy must be. But I know it will hurt you that there were children. I too am hurt. Do you know what I wished? I wished to save one of these little English girls and send her home to you to be your granddaughter, to take the place of the little Lisa that Marthe and I would have given you if there had been no war.

Lisa looked up and said something that nobody ever understood:

"That was the language, then. It was a little English girl."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell in a deft comedy, This Thing Called Love.

Honeymoon Trouble

Miss Russell confronts Mr. Douglas with a problem of conduct—Result, a wacky farce

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★★★½ THIS THING CALLED LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson, Lee J. Cobb, Gloria Holden, Paul McGrath, Leona Maricle, Don Beddoe, Rosino Galli, Sig Arno. Screen play by George Seaton, Ken Englund, and P. J. Wolfson, based on a stage play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 98 minutes.

ONE of those wacky, utterly nonchalant, smartly wisecracking, moderately daring film farces, superbly done by two expert farceurs, Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell. A mining engineer returns from a five years' exile in the wilds of South America to wed Ann Winters. Then he discovers that Ann expects the first three months of the marriage to be entirely platonic, while the two of them make sure they really can tolerate each other. So the engineer starts out to break down the kissless honeymoon. Added complication: the engineer's wealthy Spanish friend, who is to underwrite his new South American venture and who has followed him to New York, believes that plenty of children are the secret of success in domesticity.

All of which must have worried

the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

This is a Winter's Tale. Not told by the Bard of Avon, but by the Bard of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★

Good things to come. Exhibits A, B, C, D.

A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me.* The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.

★ ★ ★ ★

B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you like our Exhibits?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★

And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your best alpha BET is
—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Moral Mentor Will Hays no end. Actually the farce stays well within the borders of mature moral proprieties. At least, the brittle comedy of Rosalind and Melvyn makes everything seem so. You will like both Douglas and Miss Russell in their suavely sentimental roles; Lee J. Cobb stands out as the Spanish millionaire with the huge family.

Not for little Willie, even if he is precocious.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ros Russell calls stuffy, dull, dowdy roles "Lady Marys." She did a number of them in her three years in films before she hit success in The Women. . . . Melvyn Douglas has been wanting to try a stage play on Broadway with his wife, Helen Gahagan, but Hollywood won't give him time off. He's the busiest light comedian out there—or anywhere. . . . Lee Cobb is only twenty-eight, yet for eleven years he has been playing elderly character roles. He's practically given up hope of ever acting his age. . . . Once Binnie Barnes was a dancing partner of Tex McLeod, rope-spinning entertainer of the Will Rogers type. . . . Binnie's husband, Mike Frankovitch, the radio commentator, plays the ether announcer in one sequence. . . . Father Neal Dodd, Hollywood clergyman, performs the ceremony uniting Ros and Mel. It's his 200th make-believe marriage during his twenty-three years in Hollywood.

★★★ HUDSON'S BAY

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Gene Tierney, Laird Cregar, John Sutton, Virginia Field, Vincent Price, Nigel Bruce, Morton Lowry, Robert Greig, Chief Thundercloud, Frederick Worlock, Florence Bates, Montagu Love, Ian Wolfe, Chief John Big Tree, Jody Gilbert, Dennis Green. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Irving Pichel. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 95 minutes.

AN elaborate, even spectacular but not over-inspired film depicting the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, in turn, won Canada for England. Into the seventeenth century the story plunges, relates how the dreams of two pioneer trapper-adventurers, Pierre Esprit Radisson and his brother-in-law, Medard Chousat, the Sieur des Groseilliers, stirred Cavaliers of the court of Charles II into financing a fur-trading domain and in creating a vast new colonial empire.

Paul Muni is the renegade rogue, Radisson, who believed at least in dealing honestly with the redskins; a newcomer, Laird Cregar, is a fat and fabulous Groseilliers, known as Gooseberry. I don't know how accurate these characterizations are as to actual people and history, but both have color and interest. I do know that Cregar's robust, roistering French-Canadian Groseilliers is the dawn of a new and rather amazing character actor.

The whole historical panorama of the Hudson's Bay Company is done expensively and with conscientious detail, moving from the decadent court of Charles II and his Nell Gwynn to the primeval frozen wilds of Canada. Tacked on is the romance of a banished handsome young British lord and his lovely sweetheart back amid the effete minuet dancers of the British court.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Paul Muni's first film away from the Warner lot. The severance of relations started over High Sierra, which discussion finally ended with Humphrey Bogart doing the role originally designed for Muni. Paul had long had the privilege of rejecting stories or insisting upon their revision. This time the star and studio deadlocked—and parted. . . . Hudson's Bay is stolen by a newcomer, Laird Cregar, who does the huge backwoodsman, Gooseberry. Six months ago Cregar was making his home o' nights in the back seat of a friend's sedan, trudging the streets for a job. He's twenty-four. six feet five, weighs over 300. Born in Philadelphia of Scotch-Irish ancestry, sent to school in England. During vacations was page boy for the famous Stratford-on-Avon Players. After finishing his studies over here, Cregar started on the stage, won a scholarship with the Pasadena Community Theater, worked with them on and off until September, 1939. Then no work, until an adventurous stage producer put him in Oscar Wilde in Los Angeles. That brought film offers galore.

★★ THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Virginia Bruce, John Barrymore, John Howard, Charles Ruggles, Oscar Homolka, Edward Brophy, Donald MacBride, Margaret Hamilton, Shemp Howard, Anne Nagel, Kathryn Adams, Maria Montez, Charles Lane, Mary Gordon, Thurston Hall, Eddie Conrad. Screen play by Robert Lees, Fred Rinaldo, and Gertrude Purcell, based on a story by Kurt Siodmak and Joe May. Directed by Eddie Sutherland. Produced by Universal. Running time, 71 minutes.

ONE of those trick pictures about an eccentric scientist who, between a mysterious electrical machine and a hypodermic solution, has hit upon a way to make humans invisible for hours at a time. He advertises for an experiment subject, and a pretty but discouraged dress model responds. In no time she's going about invisible, kicking people she dislikes from the rear, tweaking her officious ex-boss's necktie.

The interest here is divided between the trick photography and John Barrymore as the scientist. Barrymore says he loved the role. As he put it, "I'm playing Lionel and actually getting paid for it!" Virginia Bruce is pleasant, both visible and invisible.

VITAL STATISTICS: John sent a picture of himself in the character of Professor Gibbs to Brother Lionel. It was inscribed: "This is the best picture you have ever made." That Barrymore line, "I never have paid much attention to women myself," sent the Hollywood preview audience into hysterics. . . . The lens illusions were created by a young technician, John Fulton, the studio wizard who did The Invisible Man in '33 and The Invisible Man Returns in '39. . . . John Howard is a Cleveland, Ohio, lad. First stage work was at the Cleveland Community Playhouse, first picture was Car 99.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty.

★★★—Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce.

If you like MILD cheese flavor here's the kind to get

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● RICH... yet coaxingly mild cheddar flavor! And this famous cheese food is so *nutritious*. It's rich in milk-minerals and milk-protein. Supplies Vitamins A and G. *Digestible as milk itself!* Serve nutritious Velveeta often — sliced for sandwiches, spread for snacks, melted in hot dishes.

VELVEETA 'N' APPLES... MM-mm!... and so good for the children

Copr. 1941 by Kraft Cheese Company

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

BACK home in Australia, Mary McGillicuddy listened to a Sousa march one day when she was twelve years old. Liked it so much it made her whistle, and ever since then she literally has been whistling to beat the band. Now in this country, she's one of our few concert whistlers, female *or* male. Over the radio and on the stage she plays the piano, sings, whistles, using her middle name, Mauricette, at her public appearances. A former manager told her *McGillicuddy* has too comic a sound for the name of a serious musician. I'm inclined to believe he was altogether wrong. Wouldn't you be extra interested in a tall pretty star from Down Under, if you knew she belonged to the great Irish tribe of McGillicuddys? I certainly was.

As a little girl, Mary was envied by all the boys—she could whistle so much louder and truer than they. Even now, when she's all dressed up, stepping out in society, she sometimes cannot resist the temptation of whistling her escort into a jealous silence if they need a taxicab. Her whistling has brought a few chills of terror to theatrical folk, all of whom cling to their old superstition that bad luck is sure to follow if any one whistles in a dressing room. Every once in a while Mary forgets about that—then a backstage panic ensues.

Whistling the same note as a violin plays, the whistle *sounds* one octave *higher*. You might think whistling would pucker her mouth unattractively, but it doesn't. The men say it looks kissy.

☆ When it comes to applied romance, this month seems to be the time for starting things—not the time to finish them. St. Valentine's Day is a February event, yet recent statistics show there are fewer marriages in February than in any other month of the year, and I can't find much agreement as to the reason why. First I asked a marriage-license clerk at a registrar's office. He said, " Well, now, maybe it's because everybody's broke after Christmas and New Year's." That would be plausible were it not for the fact that January's marriage score is higher than February's. A doctor said, " So many people have colds in February. Who wants to get married with a red nose and the snuffles? " Then I put the question to some girls. " February is too near spring," they thought. " If a girl has waited this long," said they, " she might as well wait a little longer and have a real spring wedding." That sounds more authentic to me.

☆ Promotion advertising published in newspapers recently by the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference featured a blank map of the United States—just an outline map, locating no states or cities. Friends of mine had fun with that map at a party. After trying it on her own family and seeing how low the average score was, the hostess offered a ninety-eight-cent atlas as the prize to be awarded to the guest who could spot the largest number of cities accurately. You'd be astonished by the amount of confusion there was between Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, St. Louis and Kansas City, New York and Philadelphia, New Orleans and Pensacola, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Struck me it might be a good defense measure if some of us adults would learn a little more about our national geography. Blank maps make a timely parlor game.

☆ For very special company build one of these famous *Portuguese Macaroon Pies:* . . . Crumble enough two-day-old macaroons to have 1¼ cups. Mix with 4 tablespoons softened butter and use to line pie plate. Border with standing whole macaroons, cutting a slice off the edge of each so they'll stand. Put in refrigerator. Now soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup milk. Let 1½ cups milk come to boil with ½ cup sugar; pour over 4 slightly beaten egg yolks, stirring hard. Dissolve gelatin over hot water and combine with milk and eggs. When cool, add 2 tablespoons rum, sherry, or rye whisky, also well beaten whites of the 4 eggs. Spread bottom of lined pie with preserved fruit — apricot, strawberry, raspberry, or quince. Fill with the cream. Chill 4 hours or longer. Top with vanilla-flavored whipped cream; dust with nutmeg and grated chocolate.

"Is this good-by, Mis' Frinkin? No more milk—ever? "

☆ An Ohio reformer argues that women in jail ought to be taught to cook and keep house, whether they like it or not. An Iowa realist says they wouldn't *be* in jail had they been taught to cook and keep house when they were girls.

☆ New first reader for those who lean toward belief in fateful stars and their horoscopic courses: How to Learn Astrology, by Marc Edmund Jones. (J. B. Lippincott Company, $1.50.)

☆ Because it's said that more men than women are prone to color blindness, one fashionable haberdasher now sells harmonious shirts and neckties in ready matched unities for the convenience of gentlemen who can't trust their own color sense. A progressive idea! Commonest is the difficulty in distinguishing between red and green; the rarest is that of telling blue from yellow. But there's no such thing as a man with *any* sight who can't tell blondes from brunettes.

40 ANSWERS by Thomas Craven to his questions on page 22

1—The Latin Quarter; Chelsea; Greenwich Village.

2—Thomas Nast.

3—St. Luke, in whose name the old painters' guilds were chartered.

4—Hitler.

5—An etching is printed from a waxed copper plate cut with a needle, the lines deepened in an acid bath, the surface covered with ink. A lithograph is a grease crayon drawing on stone transferred to paper by a press.

6—Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, a French sculptor; presented by France, "to commemorate," according to a tablet on the pedestal, "the alliance of the two nations in achieving the independence of the U. S. A."

7—Rubens—to Spain. Leonardo da Vinci—for Cesare Borgia. Frederic Remington.

8—Bud Fisher; Fontaine Fox; Walt Disney; George Herriman.

9—Incorrect—it is a tempera painting; correct; correct; incorrect—it is a painting by Grant Wood.

10—From William Morris, the English poet and painter who designed it.

11—Tintoretto's Paradise, 75×30 feet—in the Ducal Palace, Venice.

12—Rubens; Renoir.

13—Emanuel Leutze, a German brought up in Philadelphia; Millet; Marie Rosalie Bonheur.

14—Charles Dana Gibson—the Gibson Girl.

15—The Louvre, Paris.

16—False; true; true; false—David was the designer.

17—Gilbert Stuart.

18—George Bellows.

19—Mona Lisa; Portrait of His Mother.

20—Rembrandt's The Anatomy Lesson; The Doctor, that bedside drama by Sir Luke Fildes.

21—Dégas.

22—Michelangelo; William Blake; Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

23—Architecture.

24—John Singer Sargent.

25—Rodin, in his male nude called Age of Bronze.

26—Picasso; from its emphasis on the cubic, or geometrical, structure of objects.

27—George Cruikshank. Sir John Tenniel.

28—The Mexican, Orozco.

29—In the Sistine Chapel of St. Peter's in Rome; Michelangelo.

30—Corot.

31—Rembrandt; Dürer; Rubens. Also Titian, Hogarth, Goya, Reynolds, Delacroix, Cézanne, Van Gogh.

32—The telegraph and the Morse code.

33—Salvador Dali; surrealist.

34—Thomas Hart Benton.

35—Engraving and the working of precious metals—prized by connoisseurs as a silversmith.

36—Daniel Chester French.

37—John Steuart Curry.

38—Winsor McCay, with his adventures of Little Nemo in Slumberland.

39—More famous for his birds, he was also an excellent portraitist.

40—Winslow Homer.

For blades that have lots on the ball
And make slick shaves no job at all,
Get Thin Gillettes, priced four for ten—
The choice of thrifty, well-groomed men!
New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass!
THIN
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BLADES
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4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

CATECHISM OF FREE CHILDREN

America's NEWEST PILGRIMS

Youthful arrivals from England and (at left) two from Holland

A Four-Star Broadcast by Dorothy Thompson

A message Liberty thought worthy of the permanency of print

First heard on Miss Thompson's regular Sunday night radio series over the Mutual Network

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I HAVE on my desk a little book—a little book small enough to put in your pocket and only sixty pages long. You cannot buy this book; it is not for sale. Very few people have it. It is one of the documents of this war. But it is not a secret document, although it is a treaty. I think that never in history has there been such a treaty. It is a treaty between Britain and her exiled children.

Did you not wonder at the unexampled behavior of the children who went to the bottom of the sea in the torpedoed City of Benares? Have you not wondered at their quiet, self-controlled behavior—you few who have come into contact with any of these little pilgrims?

Well, if you wondered, this little book gives you a clue.

Every child as he departs from the shores of Britain has this book put into his hands. The title page says: "This Token of Freedom was given to me —— when I was —— years old, by someone who loved these words and *knew what they meant*, and knew why I must cherish them and hold them sacred as long as I live."

It contains a summary of all the things that Britain is fighting for and that America stands for. But it was not compiled in a Propaganda Ministry. The story of how it came about is something like this: Some Americans living in England and some Britons who loved their country thought that the children departing should take with them a memorial of Britain, and a memorial to the parents and brothers and sisters and to the cause they leave behind them. It had to be something so convincing and so beautiful that it would burn its words unforgettably into the mind of the child reader. It had to be something so immortal that no matter what happened to Britain the children who understood its meaning would carry Britain forever in their hearts and pass the torch on to their children. Something that would make British children coming to America into a new migration of little pilgrims—not pilgrim fathers but pilgrim children.

Now, who should write such a little book on Britain's war for Britain's departing children?

When the people who felt this need asked themselves this question, they knew that the book was already written. It had been written for two thousand years, decade by decade and century by century, by all the great men who loved freedom and lived and wrote and died for it. That race of heroes were Greeks and Italians and Frenchmen and British men and Americans. They had written the words that have kept the kingly spirit and the dream of true democracy alive in this world for all the two thousand years, and who had had a vision of the future not yet realized. They are the prophets of the Bible; they are Plutarch and Pericles and Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and Lincoln, and many, many others.

And so this little book, called This Token of Freedom, is written by the greatest men who ever lived, to tell these child pilgrims what it is that the people of Britain are dying for and the people of America live for.

There's a foreword in it that says, "When you see the Statue of Liberty in New York's Harbor, remember why she is holding up a light. It is what any brave mother would do, if her children were traveling a dangerous road in what Chaucer called 'the dark darknesses' of this world. The spirit of freedom is so dear to the Free people that they made her image enormous, strong as bronze, beautiful as a proud young mother."

And the prologue is written by Geoffrey Chaucer, who wrote when the English tongue was fresh and young—this prayer: "Oh, thou whatsoever thou be that knittest all bonds of things, look on this wretched earth; we men that be not a foul part but a fair part of so great a work, we be tormented in this sea of fortune. Withdraw thou and restrain the ravishing floods and fasten and firm the earth stable, with that same bond with which thou governest the heaven that is so large."

NOTHING in this book tells the children that the cause of freedom is to be cheaply rewon in this world. It tells a tale of a thousand years of suffering for freedom, and of battles often nearly lost but always won in the end.

But it also tells them of the world that sometime will be. A Hindu poet, Rabindranath Tagore, has this message for these British children—a message for the future when the war is over:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out of the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee, into ever-widening thought and action;
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

These youngsters are reminded that Hitler isn't anything new. There have been innumerable little or big enemies of freedom in the world since its beginning. The great English poet, William Blake, says to them:

Let Liberty, the chartered right of Englishmen
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance and fire the battle.

And here's a word for the enemy—a high scornful word:

The enemy fights in chains, invisible chains, but heavy,
Their minds are fettered. Then how can they be free?

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"Pop bought me a comic book to keep me quiet, mom!"

Little girls are reminded that it was a girl who brought England to one of her highest moments—Queen Elizabeth. And here, for the little girl sailing to a new land over dangerous seas, here are Elizabeth's words to her troops just before the great Armada: "Let tyrants fear. I have placed my chiefest strength in the loyal hearts of my subjects. Therefore I am come amongst you, being resolved in the midst of heat of battle to live and die amongst you all, to lay down for my God and my people my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a King and of a King of England, too."

V-5102
alex young

"Here's your ticket—and my congratulations!"

And here is Shakespeare. Sometimes I dream that he will live again, reincarnated after this war, to write new dramas of heroes. But from his grave he says:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to *itself* do rest but true.

And the idea is this, which appears over and again in all the great writings of Britons and Americans, that no one can conquer free men; they can only conquer themselves by forgetting the things they live by. The things people live by are expressed in words.

These children are urged to cherish these words. In this little book, John Milton says to them: "Books are not dead things . . . as good almost kill a man as kill a good book . . . he who destroys a good book kills reason itself . . . and strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason; slays an immortality rather than a life."

YES, says This Token of Freedom, the spirit of freedom is immortal. Great Britain is more than geography, more than empire and seas and isles. Great Britain is what we believe it to be.

Well, as I have said, you can't buy this book. It's the property of the little pilgrims who come to us from castles and slums, each with the new Pilgrim's Progress, this little Prayer Book of Freedom, in his hands.

But because they bring it over here, no one can say that they come empty-handed.

And when they hear bad news from home, here are strong words from the Bible to comfort them—words which run across the inside cover of their sacred book, in big letters:

And some there be who have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. . . . But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. And with their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the Covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

THE END

AMBASSADOR TO HITLER

Portents of yesterday that help you understand today!

Thanksgiving in Berlin: Mrs. Dodd with Dr. Frederick Wirth; the Ambassador with Mrs. J. C. White.

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

In April, 1935, Dodd wired Secretary Hull "the facts about the war danger": the Nazi top trio might do a wild thing, or Germany's economic dilemma might precipitate war. This was the time of the Stresa conferences, of "encirclement." Dodd knew of Hitler's insulting Britain after the League warned him not to reoccupy the Rhineland, and heard that the German army was demanding of him a pact with Russia as a way out through encirclement. On the other hand, Lord Lothian, in a letter to Dodd, was plainly and hopefully for turning Germany against Red Russia.

In May, after Hitler sounded off to the world and stressed his zeal for annexations, Dodd noted grimly: "He does not fool me." Convincing reports of a secret Nazi military pact with Japan were not troubling Britain's Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps. But in June Sir Eric was roused by a demand from Hitler for naval parity, and he urged Dodd to write to Lothian about "the real situation here."

In July von Bülow made it clear to Dodd that Germany hoped Mussolini would make war upon Ethiopia and would lose, giving Germany her chance in the Balkans. In September Dodd heard from a friend of Lord Astor that Britain was about to make a loan to Germany.

PART FIVE
Finances for Fifth Columnists

November 26, 1935. I include a report from a French source about Schacht's troubles:

He began to question and investigate and think curious the number of German bank notes in foreign countries which he had not checked out. The exact financial details of this I didn't understand. Anyway, he suspected something was wrong. So he began to investigate the loads of coal that went from Germany and discovered several old boxes, etc., concealed in the piles of coal which apparently the Jews had put there as a means of smuggling out their own money. However, even this did not account for the tremendous sums in other countries. He began to suspect an official leakage. So he marked with a special number and system some hundreds of thousands of marks in bank notes that went to Rosenberg, Himmler, and Goebbels.

These same bank notes turned up in foreign countries, revealing, with a little spy work, that these three men were financing their agents of propaganda abroad not only with the money set aside officially for propaganda by Schacht but also with tremendous sums they could scrape together through other sources of income not allowed, according to Schacht, to leave the country.

They have been pocketing these private funds and using them abroad for their agents. Schacht went in a fury to Hitler and told him the whole thing had to stop or Germany would be bankrupt. Hitler has not as yet taken sides, but this is the reason that Schacht is in danger.

Guns for Olympic Training!

November 29. We all went to the Adlon Hotel as guests of the foreign press people to a supper and dance. . . .

Herr Lewald, the Olympic Games chief, sat opposite. Nor was he happy, news having come over that Americans might not participate in the great show next summer. I was asked in January, 1935, by a German official in America to aid in securing permission of the United States War Department for the purchase of a new model of rifle made at the army arsenal in Springfield. The official said that the Olympic Committee wanted such arms for "training purposes."

Il Duce as Lesser of Two Evils

December 9. We dined at the house of the former Finance Minister, Dr. Dietrich, of the Bruening period. The Minister of Rumania singled me out and talked almost violently about the Hoare-Laval proposition sent to Mussolini last Saturday and discussed in the press here today. He said his country was ready any time to apply oil sanctions to Italy, "and now, when all of us smaller nations and the United States are ready to stop oil shipments to Italy, England and France make a surrender without consulting us or the League."

I had heard that the reason for the Hoare-Laval proposition was the English-French fear that Communism might come to Italy in case Mussolini fails. I think this is probably partly true, and that Nazi Germany certainly wants to see Mussolini successful. Perhaps these two dictators have already made an agreement.

That Hoare-Laval Maneuver

December 12. Mr. Mayer (American Counselor) and I called on M. François-Poncet. He mentioned to us the Hoare-Laval matter, and thought Mussolini would make an agreement with England and France and so end the Ethiopian crime. I at once disagreed. If Mussolini does accept, which I doubt, it means control of the Mediterranean and collapse of the League of Nations. Mussolini thinks himself a Julius Caesar.

François-Poncet argued strongly for the Hoare-Laval proposition. I said: "It's the biggest mistake since the World War. It means an Italian-German combination for redistribution of eastern and southern Europe, and such a combination cannot be defeated by England and France. Why did your governments not apply the oil sanction through the League with American co-operation, and bring Mussolini to terms?"

He said: "Mussolini would have made war even if the oil sanctions had been applied. We, the French government, were unwilling to go to war, even if England were attacked.". . .

Hitler Must Fight Wicked Reds!

December 14. I learned that the British Ambassador had an hour's interview with Hitler, and that he had pressed again the idea of a general peace agreement among all the greater Powers, including the Russians. Hitler pretended to be willing to come to an armament agreement with the Western Powers, but broke into a furious denunciation of Russia, saying that Germany must go to war against the Communists, the wicked Communists, forgetting how much the Nazis here have learned from Communist propaganda. Nothing seems to be agreed to. . . .

All military and naval experts here report the utmost speed in German rearmament. They are building the greatest military machine in the world. But now that England and France have taken a move that threatens to break up the League, every German paper rejoices. . . .

Bullitt Favored Japan

December 22. Marriner, Counselor in Paris, who stopped here on his way to Warsaw, reported that Bullitt's interview in Berlin on December 1 was telegraphed to Paris that day, and that Herriot's wife had read the telegram before Bullitt had arrived in Paris. What Bullitt said here was astounding to me in view of his past record. When Mme. Herriot reported to Marriner that Bullitt had spoken against Russia and in favor of Japan, he was amazed. I had been so shocked at his advice to the French Ambassador in Berlin not to favor the Russian-French peace pact that I reported to the State Department. . . .

Politics Wears Out Poor Adolf

January 10, 1936. I went in full dress to the annual reception which Hitler gives to the diplomatic corps. . . . When Hitler came along the line of diplomats he talked to the [Papal] Nuncio about a certain Catholic cloister and something of Church history. When he came to me, I said to him that I noticed that he talked history with the Nuncio and that I supposed he read history with real interest. He replied: "Yes; history is far better for me than politics, which wears me out." . . .

Pre-Hitler Secret Rearmament

January 31. Major Archibald Church of Bristol, England, longtime visitor and observer here, dropped in. He had been a private secretary to Bruening. He gave the name of a prominent Cabinet member here between 1920 and 1933 who let him know how much money had been secretly used for armaments and the training of soldiers beyond the treaty allowance. Stresemann and Bruening, though claiming to be sincerely co-operative with England and France, he said, granted these allowances out of a huge secret fund voted by the Reichstag. So, he said, there were far more trained soldiers in 1933 than the Reichswehr acknowledged. . . .

Dangerous Diplomacy—Assorted

February 12. This morning Ambassador Bullitt, on his way to Russia, came to see me, reporting the optimistic attitude of the President. . . .

Bullitt is ambitious for promotion to high position but does not seem to me to appraise situations too well. For example, this morning he condemned sharply the co-operation between England, France, and the Balkan States in the hope of bringing Russia into a moderate policy and keeping the peace of Europe. He said Germany would capture Austria and Czechoslovakia in two weeks' time and quickly bring all Europe under her control.

I questioned: "Do you think this would be good for the United States and England?" He said he didn't care about England and reported that both Lord Lothian and Lloyd George are against the English-French-Russian co-operation with the Balkan entente. He added that Lothian apparently preferred to let Germany go on her conquering way toward European domination rather than to impose limitation upon Germany by his country. . . .

Then Bullitt said that before he sailed last December for Washington he knew that England had declined a great loan to Russia. Learning that France was about to loan her old Russian ally of 1914 one billion francs, it is reported that Bullitt went to a strategic person in the French government and convinced him that Russia would never repay the loan. I was not sure myself whether the Russians would pay. . . .

I shall not speak of this to any one here, but it seemed to me an unwise thing to do. Whether the story is altogether correct or not, it is certain that no loan was made. . . .

Sir Eric Phipps reported what he could upon English attitudes. He was more outspoken than he had been in a year: "England has abandoned her disarmament policy of the last fourteen years. She will spend £300,000,000 a year now in order to have a greater army, a bigger navy, and ample air defense. This is a sad move, but we have argued with Germany since last February to agree to disarmament proposals. The Führer has always said 'no' to me." . . .

He then told me that the French Ambassador had recently had Göring to dinner, and that, when there was talk of the possibility of Hitler's retiring or his health failing, Göring put his fat hands upon his chest and said: "I am to succeed the Führer." . . .

Göring is the one member of the triumvirate here who frequently makes challenging speeches on the French and Polish borders. I think Göring is almost a complete Mussolini and ready to risk war at any time. . . .

Monuments to Murderers

February 19. The newspapers reported that the Swiss government has forbidden all Nazi organizations. A week ago a Nazi propagandist in Switzerland, named Gustloff, was murdered by a German Jew, subject of Yugoslavia. When the murder was known here, all German flags were put at half-mast. Hitler made an amazingly aggressive attack on all Jews. . . .

Today's papers claim that Nazi organizations abroad ought to be allowed to function, forgetting that Hitler published an order to the German consulates in the United States late in December that at the end of that month all Nazi organizations must be dissolved. . . .

There was passed out to the press from Goebbels' office a sarcastic statement that the Swiss would probably build a monument to honor the murderer of Gustloff. They forget that the German Nazi leaders built a monument to the murderers of Rathenau, the greatest of Ministers here since the war, and that each year flowers are laid about the monument.

Did Hitler Have a Cancer?

February 20. The finance expert of our staff brought me a typed German report quoting me as saying that on account of Hitler's illness it had been decided that Göring, General von Blomberg, and Hess will be the next German triumvirate. . . .

I have telegraphed to Washington that rumors here indicate that Hitler's throat is in bad condition, supposed to be cancer, and that the generals of the army had held a meeting and agreed to this triumvirate in the order given. My telegram did not say it was a fact, only that the above reports had come to me.

Now, how does this story get back to Germany? . . .

He Had the Shivers, at Least

February 27. Oechsner came to report what Hitler had said yesterday to Roy Howard, head of the United Press, and himself. They noticed that the Chancellor was very much troubled about something, but they had not observed that the armed guards about the palace were twice as numerous as hitherto. This Mr. Flack of the Embassy had noticed yesterday. The reason was, he thought, the recent reports of the murderous putsch in Tokyo when three high officials were killed by army officers. There was cause for some concern when everybody knows there is much unhappiness in Germany. . . .

Axis Pacts? Oh, Heavens, No!

February 29. I had a long talk with Secretary von Neurath, entirely unofficial. I suspect that serious disputes have been going on between his wing of the government and that dominated by Göring. He did not acknowledge such disputes, but when I asked him about the Franco-Soviet pact which has been denounced so often in the German press, he said that the plan of the French and the Russians really was not belligerent, that the Communist system was not equal to a war outside of Russian boundaries. . . .

Then I reported that most of the Ministers from the Balkan States here had repeatedly said to me since the second summer of my residence in Berlin that the independence of those states could be guaranteed only through the formation of a confederation for defense and peace. I asked him: "Would you consider such a union as a menace to Germany?" He replied: "No, so long as neither France nor Russia nor Italy dominates it."

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

		P.M.			P.M.
Boston	WAAB	9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis St. Paul	KSTP	10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WKBW	9:00 E.S.T.			
Chicago . . .	WGN	8:00 C.S.T.	New York . .	WOR	9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK	9:00 E.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL	9:00 E.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ	9:00 E.S T.	San Antonio	KABC	8:00 C.S.T.
Fort Worth . .	KFJZ	8:00 C.S.T.	St. Louis . .	KWK	8:00 C.S.T.
Houston . . .	KXYZ	8:00 C.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL	9:00 E.S.T.
Kansas City	WREN	10:00 C.S.T.			
Los Angeles	KHJ	7:00 P.S.T.	San Diego	KGB	7:00 P.S.T.
San Francisco . .	KFRC	7:00 P.S.T.	Santa Barbara . .	KDB	7:00 P.S.T.

I said the Balkan States, if united, would be a strong guaranty of peace. I urged: "Why not restore the League and settle boundary problems through conferences?" He surprised me by saying: "We are contemplating a return to the League on the condition that the Western Powers agree to restore our colonies, allow us to re-enter, with our army, the demilitarized zone on the Rhine, and make certain concessions as to naval parity." He insisted that colonies must be restored, that the Rhine zone might possibly await diplomatic negotiations, that the Franco-Russian pact was not serious, and that England had received German assent to naval arrangements about to be made in London.

I asked him if Germany were about to make a special alliance with Japan, which had been so often rumored recently. He evaded this with, "We might as well commit suicide as enter another war," but insisted that there was no sort of entente between Germany and Italy, also that Germany would not be drawn into a war with Russia even if Japan did attack the Soviet Union. So I got an answer to an important query without direct question. . . .

Von Neurath emphasized that he was arguing things out with Hitler. He insisted that the Führer showed signs of compromise, especially about returning to Geneva. This surprised me a little.

So Mussolini Got Away with It

March 6. Mr. Gie, Minister from South Africa, called to report what he had learned during the League Commission session this week. He said Foreign Secretary Eden of England had insisted on oil sanctions against the Italians, but that the French Foreign Secretary, Flandin, had opposed sanctions almost as sternly as Laval had done last December. It surprised and angered Eden. The French were still bound, as they thought, by their pact of January, 1935, which guaranteed Italy as much of Ethiopia as she wished. It was a repetition of the blunder of December, 1935, one more surrender to Dictator Mussolini with 6,000 warplanes ready to attack the British fleet in the Mediterranean Sea.

Mr. Gie was quite depressed to report Eden's defeat and England's danger of losing her position in Egypt. While all these Powers have done things similar to Italy's conquest of poor Ethiopia, it would seem that the League could find a way to stop such performances. Germany looks on and wonders when she will be able to seize weaker peoples.

When I told Gie confidentially that Germany was considering a return to the League, he said: "That was discussed between Eden and myself, and he said England would agree to the granting of colonies to Germany only as mandates, so as to avoid arming the natives, as France has done in Morocco." . . .

Hitler Grabs Off the Rhineland

March 7. At nine thirty Counselor Mayer reported that he must go at once to the Foreign Office to receive information which Dr. Dieckhoff had been asked to give us. Already the news had come that Hitler was to address the Reichstag assembly today at twelve o'clock! When Mayer returned at eleven o'clock he brought a summary of Hitler's propositions: He was sending some 30,000 troops into the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland; he proposed an agreement with France and Belgium to demilitarize both sides of the Rhine, also the Dutch border on the German side; he would denounce the Locarno pact between Germany, France, Italy, and England because France was signing a pact with Russia; he would return to the League of Nations, and be ready to limit aircraft with Western Powers, and would demand the restoration of German colonies.

Dieckhoff hoped we would give this document to the American press people here, so they would cable at once to the United States what Hitler was doing and saying before the Reichstag. We called the newspaper offices and gave them the information, which was immediately sent across the Atlantic.

Mayer and I then went to hear what was to be said. The hall was crowded. On the main floor were the members of the Reichstag, all in Nazi uniforms, men named by Hitler and paid by the government just as if they were actually serving as legislators. They had been called together on short notice and they were to vote for whatever Hitler proposed. Of course it was ridiculous, but the assembled men did not show any signs of a sense of humor.

The French, the English, the Russian, and the Polish Ambassadors were absent. At least the English and French had been informed what was coming and they remained away on purpose. I sat next to the Turk, and next to him sat the Italian. . . .

The speech lasted an hour and a half. It enumerated the points already sent to us and dwelt at length upon the viciousness of the Franco-Russian peace pact and also on the idea that German culture had been greatly improved and advanced since 1933. . . .

It may be that Hitler is still fanatic enough to think Nazism is culture. The other points of the address were cleverly designed to weaken the relations between England and France. It seemed to me that Germany and Italy were acting in common. . . .

Mr. Mayer, who did not understand German very well, was enthusiastic. He thought Hitler's oratory was marvelous. I indicated certain doubts but agreed the address was cleverly planned. . . .

Poland on a Tough Spot

March 12. I went to see the Polish Ambassador. He indicated great anxiety: " Germany owes us $15,000,000 for freight and passenger service between Germany and East Prussia; Schacht says Germany can pay only in goods; we insist on gold or foreign-exchange payment; the two months' dispute is now referred to Hitler." " But," I said, " the Germans plan going back and forth to East Prussia over the Baltic Sea on German boats. What will you do? " He said: " We can make no objections, but we want the payment of a perfectly honest debt and shall close the railroad across the Corridor if we are not paid."

When I asked about the German-French quarrel over the Locarno pact, he said: " We are with France if it comes to war, but we have a treaty with Germany which is valuable as long as peace prevails. Our treaty with France takes precedence in case Germany attacks France." . . .

Aryans, Vote "Yes"—or Else!

March 28. A grand demonstration has been given of the enthusiasm of the German people for the Führer and his recent drive of troops into the demilitarized zone in the Rhineland. Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels have made speeches almost every day or night all over Germany, calling upon everybody to vote approval of the March 7 announcement of foreign policy. . . .

All this is over an election in which there is no choice of candidates. Hitler issued a list of names of candidates for all the districts of Germany, with no alternative names. Ballots were printed with a circle in which the voter was to indicate approval. He might write " No," but if he did so he was liable to be arrested and imprisoned. Only people willing to risk their lives could write " No." This was understood from the beginning. . . .

About 5 P. M. two great Zeppelins were flying slowly over the city. Cards and leaflets dropped down which asked people to vote unanimously for " liberty, equality, and peace." . . .

" The Amazing Free Election "

March 30. A reporter told me that in the old Communist areas of Berlin there were 25 per cent opposition votes in yesterday's election. These votes were not allowed to be reported. Dr. Goebbels is shouting thanks in all the German papers for the amazing free election and the unprecedented enthusiasm of the great free German population!

If Hitler Builds a Westwall—

April 4. We learn today that some Austrian and Czechoslovak Germans are new members of the Reichstag. The fact that Hitler decreed them members is symbolic of his so-called peace policy. The claim of the right to annex parts or all of these countries is thus subtly announced. If the United States made Americans who have homes in Mexico and are Mexican citizens members of Congress there would be a world-wide commotion. Yet not a word is said here about these new members. . . .

All small countries lying next to Germany are uneasy. The maps which show them as parts of the Third Reich are still circulating. If Hitler is able to build his fortifications along the French front to match the French fortifications, then he may at any convenient moment put his great army on the Austrian or even the Polish frontier, annex as much territory as he wishes, and then call upon the enthusiastic German people to give him another unanimous vote of approval. A ten-year peace would enable him to do anything he wishes; therefore " peace and prosperity " are his slogans.

Yet today's papers announce that 4,000,000 boys between ten and fourteen are to be compelled to wear knives. These are evidences of honor. They are to be worn as are the daggers by boys between fourteen and eighteen, and the young boys are to be trained in military performances in all the schools, as are the older ones. Even young women are trained in certain war services. This spells " peace " in the Hitler language. How can counselors of the Führer proclaim him a second Jesus Christ before vast public gatherings and be applauded to the limit?

Roy Howard had a long interview with Hitler two months ago. When the Führer complained violently about the 340 Germans per square mile with no land to go to, Howard said, " Why do you then pay every woman for her third child, with more for her fourth one, and why pay people to marry? " The Führer refused to answer, and later forbade publication of this in the interview. In yesterday's Paris Herald it was announced from Berlin that the German government had given $125,000,000 to couples married since 1933. . . .

Eckener Defiant, Hitler Rabid

April 16. At our luncheon table was Dr. Hugo Eckener, the great Zeppelin engineer, who has just returned from Brazil. He declined to fly his ship and propagandize for Hitler on March 28 and 29 when the new Zeppelin, the Hindenburg, was ordered to fly all over Germany. That caused Goebbels to see Hitler and ask what should be done to the indispensable captain. It is reported that Hitler ranted and shouted that the man must be dismissed. That was not possible, and Goebbels gave the German press an order never again to mention Dr. Eckener's name. . . .

The flyer explained his plans for going to the United States and calling on President Roosevelt. But he insisted that Goebbels must recall his order or he would resign and there would be no flight this year across the dangerous North Atlantic. . . .

Fritz Kuhn, Apostle of Nazism

August 14. Fritz Kuhn, Nazi Führer in America, brought a group of German-Americans to my office. Kuhn is a Nazi propagandist who once worked in Henry Ford's factory in Detroit. He is guiding his party of visitors about Germany to convince them that Nazism is the salvation of modern peoples. He kept his purpose from me, but I have since learned that he represents Bohle of the Foreign Office of the Nazi Party. . . .

Wheeler and Barkley Appear

August 15. A report of the American Consul at Stuttgart in southern Germany says the press over that region is quite open in its discussion of Spanish relations. They suggest that the Fascist-Nazi Powers assist the revolutionary, or rather the reactionary, army crowd of Spain to regain control there. Then Germany and Italy, having lent assistance, would divide the Spanish colonial possessions and enter into some entente arrangement which would give the three dictatorships control of Europe without war. . . .

In these last weeks the Spanish conflict seems to offer another opportunity to Mussolini and Hitler. They can hardly fail, since England is helpless and France so divided that a dictatorship seems unavoidable. The United States, having failed in 1919-20 to co-operate in European affairs, now faces a solid dictatorship front which in due time will give serious trouble. How unwise our minority senators were and have continued to be!

A member of my staff told me today that our Counselor Mayer, who was sent here last December, decided, before I left (for a trip home) last April, to get into closer relations with Göring and negotiate a treaty with Germany. He made all sorts of advances to Göring, who received the impression that I would be recalled soon or retire. . . .

When Mayer wrote the State Department saying he was offering to open negotiations, the Secretary advised against it. But when two representatives were urged to come over to talk things over, Göring was most friendly and invited the Counselor more than once to see him. The State Department sent two representatives to Germany, but they refused to come to Berlin.

Göring, with Hitler's approval, sent a representative to see them in Munich. No real concessions were offered for a treaty, and the United States agents went home. Göring, and perhaps Mayer, thought I had defeated the move. Never a word was said to me in Washington. Of course I had nothing to do with the matter.

Then two senators came over, Wheeler and Barkley. Mayer dined them in grand style and asked Göring. He accepted, but failed to appear at the last moment, apparently angry with Mayer. Wheeler was among those at a dinner in Washington where Germany's right to be dictator of all Europe was approved by some of those present. He reported to Mayer that I was unpopular over the whole United States. This was in no way evidenced to me when I was there in June and July. These senators are reported to have said that I would soon be recalled. What they really said or had in mind I shall try to learn.

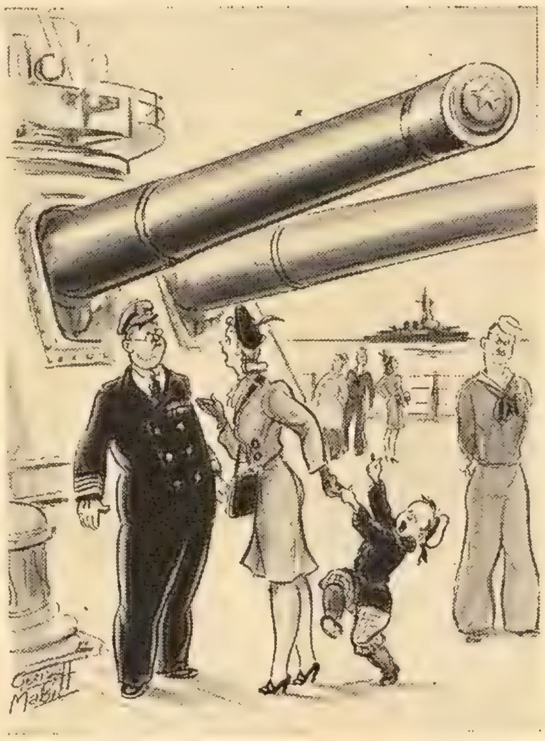
Schacht Snarls at Roosevelt

August 18. I talked today with Dr. Schacht, who has hitherto been most friendly and frank. He was violent in his language about the decision of the United States government not to allow German subsidized imports. He laid the blame on the President and on Secretary Morgenthau. He ridiculed the idea that the tariff law makes the decision necessary, and then said Germany will buy nothing else from America. He indicated the German anger about the relations between the United States and Brazil which he said had defeated German trade plans in Brazil. . . .

He blamed the President for his Chautauqua speech about world peace. "We have been arming for three years and have paid all the cost of it." I replied: "But war is apt to mean the collapse of civilization." "Yes," he agreed. "A general war would mean world-wide Communism and total economic collapse."

It seemed clear that he thinks Germany, if she continues to increase her sway in Europe, will and must resist to the limit, perhaps even fight the United States. . . .

Although Schacht insisted upon his friendliness to me and agreed to keep our talk confidential, I had the feeling that what we said was registered on a government machine connected with his telephone.



"Please, Admiral, just *one* little broadside for Junior!"

Nazi Planes to Franco

August 23. For three days now German official attitudes have been impossible to ascertain. We know that Hitler held a conference here with some Cabinet members, and ranted violently about the Spanish search of a German war vessel off their coast beyond the legal zone. Von Blomberg was much opposed to a warlike move. Hitler quieted down after a while, and a protest was sent to the helpless Spanish government.

Miss Schultz, the Chicago Tribune correspondent, reported that she knew twenty-five German airplanes had been sent last week from Düsseldorf to the rebels in Spain. I learned that von Blomberg had forbidden Dr. Schacht to ship airplanes and war material to Bulgaria, saying: "All war material must remain at home, so imminent is the danger." . . .

Friday and Saturday the German press was wild in its attack on Russia because it was said they had 12,000,000 soldiers ready for war and forty submarines in the Baltic Sea. Denunciations of Russia were the worst I have ever noticed in my three years here. The denunciation of the Spanish government was equally violent. There seemed to be grave danger of an immediate war move. . . .

We have a silent press today. There is no repetition of attacks on Russia, France, or Spain. Some order has been given out to stop everything. I think the demonstrations were to prepare the German people for increased war preparations and for the understanding of and submission to food shortage, already being talked about anxiously.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

August 29. We have reports that Mussolini sent word to Franco that any general who precipitated the dictatorship movement in Spain, on July 17, would receive Italian help to overthrow the democratic, partly radical, government of Spain. All the world knows the horrors that have been perpetrated in Spain since August. Hitler is, or was certainly, sending aid to Franco, and the Nazi Party here has been maintaining propaganda activity in Spain for several years. . . .

One other story today says Mussolini was with Hitler last Saturday. I doubt it; but Goebbels, shrewdest of all the dictators here, is in Venice. So the pressure everywhere is for dictatorships in all countries except England, where the foolish Conservatives are in power, in Czechoslovakia, where there is a movement to surrender to Hitler, and in Russia, where Communism is again executing its opponents. In the United States, capitalists are pressing in the same Fascist direction, supported by capitalists in England. Nearly all our diplomatic service people here have indicated their drift in the same direction. Violently hostile to the Nazi regime for three years, they are now half supporting it.

Mussolini Shoves In His Chips

September 4. The Dutch Minister, who has just returned from his country, said: "We shall probably never have another happy day in our lives. All peoples seem so crazy. The English have committed the greatest blunders in their history these last three years." . . .

This evening's paper announces in great headlines that Mussolini is sending a war vessel, armed, and several thousand soldiers to Barcelona. This seems to me Mussolini's way of finding out what the French and English will do. . . .

Roosevelt's re-election disturbed Nazidom, especially because of his solid-front policy for the Americas. Berlin and Rome recognized Franco—and, with Tokyo, made known their "anti-Comintern pact." From all such developments in the fall and winter of 1936-37, Ambassador Dodd drew his own prophetic conclusions. You will find them in Liberty next week!

I knew them when they Laughed

BY ELSA MAXWELL

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE House of Rothschild. . . . Do those four magic words make you think of billions of dollars, all-powerful banks, proud palaces, racing stables, and priceless art galleries? If they do, you are not a resident of Sands Point, Long Island. For, in so far as that forty-five-minutes-from-Broadway community is concerned, "the House of Rothschild" suggests just one thing—that unpretentious dwelling next door to Herbert Bayard Swope's (chairman of the New York State Racing Commission) where Baron Robert Rothschild, his wife, his daughters, and his grandchildren, eleven Rothschilds all told, are living this winter. The grounds are small, much smaller than those of the Swopes'. The house itself is a typical one-family affair. A living room, a dining room, a den, several bedrooms, and a two-car garage. Comfortable enough but by no stretch of the imagination "fit for a Rothschild." It is a safe guess that any one of the scores of thoroughbreds owned by the Baron could have been easily sold—even at a fire sale—for the price of the present Rothschild home at Sands Point.

Thirty-five hundred miles east of the place where Robert de Rothschild worries about his two sons, held in a concentration camp in France, sits another great sportsman, another fabulously rich man. The Aga Khan. The spiritual head of some seventy million Mohammedans in India. . . . Estimated annual income about twenty-five million dollars. Caught by the German blitzkrieg at Aix-les-Bains and unable to return to England, he crossed over to Switzerland just before the French collapse and has remained there ever since. A virtual prisoner in a hotel near Geneva, the Aga Khan is running short of cash. This does not worry him; his credit is still good. What worries him is the realization of the fact that the glittering world he had been a part and parcel of will never come back. Those too-beautiful-to-be-true afternoons at Ascot when he would sit in a box in the Royal Enclosure and smile at the gorgeously dressed, bejeweled women. Those glamorous evenings at Claridge's in London or at the Ritz in Paris when he would preside over hundred-dollar-a-plate parties. And those nights on the Riviera when fortunes would exchange hands at the card tables in Cannes and Monte Carlo. . . . None of it will come back. The Aga Khan knows it. And so do I.

Justly or wrongly, I, a girl from Keokuk, Iowa, am accused of having been the leader of the so-called International Set, that strange coterie of men and women of a dozen nationalities who ranged all the way from Indian rajahs to Georgian fortune chasers and who spent their lives in perambulating between Palm Beach and Antibes, New York and California, Honolulu and Egypt. Well, leader or no leader, I did observe the goings-on of the International Set from a ringside seat, I witnessed its demise, and I keep in touch with its survivors. Ninety per cent of them have managed to reach these shores, but a few faces are missing and are being missed—none more so than Laura Corrigan's.

There has never been a spender like Laura. It has been said that in her youth in Cleveland, before her marriage to James Corrigan of the Corrigan Steel Company, she used to be a switchboard operator. I doubt it. Having seen her in action, I believe she must have been a bank teller. For only bank tellers develop such supreme contempt for money. When she first invaded Europe in the late 1920s, she thought nothing of spending a million francs a month on the rental, the upkeep, and the running of her house in Paris. When she moved to London, she thought still less of putting a whole floor of the most expensive West End hotel at the disposal of some English friends of hers. Four years ago she chartered Vincent Astor's yacht for a cruise in the Caribbean. Each time the Nourmahal would call at a port, the purser would present Laura's guests with a fifty-dollar bill apiece. "With the compliments of Mrs. Corrigan. To cover your expenses while at this port."

The people who thought they knew Laura "better than any one in the world"—meaning at least five thousand titled Europeans—were firmly convinced that she would move her activities to America the moment France fell and that they would have nothing to worry about except getting accommodations on the Clipper.

"Once we reach New York," they said, "there will be Laura waiting for us. Laura and her parties."

But Laura disappointed her titled friends. Instead of returning to America, she remained in France. She has spent by now every cent she could get out of the trustees of her estate on feeding French, Belgian, and Dutch orphans and on financing hospitals and canteens both in occupied and unoccupied France. Last month, when she could not get any more money from the trustees and was told she would have to wait until the new dividends came in, she gathered her spectacular jewelry, sold it at a terrific loss, and spent the proceeds on the cause she believes in.

Laura Corrigan's magnificent example did not inspire that other famous American member of the International Set, Lady Decies (better known as Harry Lehr's widow). She

Walk into a New York night club and you will think you are in a foreign country.

too decided to remain in France, at least for a while, but she concentrated her energies on keeping the Germans from invading her house in Paris. The Gestapo people are not easily frightened, but even they chose to withdraw when Bessie Drexel-Lehr-Decies told them not to touch a piece of her furniture.

"Do you know who I am?" she is reported to have yelled. "I'm a Drexel. . . . I'm a Drexel!"

But the missing persons are in the minority, I repeat. Walk any night of the week into any one of New York's smart night clubs and you will feel as if you had been suddenly transplanted to a foreign country.

The International Set has moved to New York, and has brought along chinchilla wraps, emerald bracelets, and feuds. The very air of New York seems to be overcharged with intrigue nowadays. The Frenchmen who swore fealty to Pétain are plotting against the supporters of General de Gaulle. The Germans—there are plenty of them on the Island of Manhattan these days—are eying the British. The Greeks are exchanging dirty looks with the Italians. The stories that are going around would put to shame E. Phillips Oppenheim. One of them—I am certain of its authenticity—is worth repeating.

It happened early in the fall when Signor Mussolini was about to attack Greece. An Italian gentleman well known on both sides of the water as a close friend of Count Ciano approached a prominent Greek equally well known as a confidant of Dictator Metaxas. Greece, he explained, stood no chance against the Axis. Would it not be better for both countries to avoid bloodshed? All the Italian government wished was for Metaxas to step down and be replaced by a pro-Axis regime. Mindful of Mr. Metaxas' personal problems, went on the Italian gentleman, Rome was prepared to reward him financially for his willingness to sacrifice his position and power. So how about it? Would the Greek gentleman get in touch with Athens and ascertain Mr. Metaxas' attitude? The Greek gentleman replied that he would. A fortnight of horse trading followed. Finally an agreement was reached, and a very substantial sum running into several million dollars was deposited in the name of the Greek dictator's confidant at a New York bank. A few days later the Italians crossed the Greek border expecting to be greeted with cheers and flowers. The rest is history. The money is being used right now to buy munitions for the Greek army in this country. It goes without saying that the Greek gentleman in question was fully aware that Metaxas would treat the Italian offer with the contempt it deserved but thought that it would be a good idea to arm at least a few Greek regiments on the money supplied by Rome.

A famous fun-maker reveals a once-bright world in exile

A fantastic story, you say? Not nearly as fantastic as the goings-on of some of the refugees who are drowning their sorrow in champagne and complaining of the "horrible American food." As that of a woman who left her husband in a concentration camp in France and beat it for America with all the money and securities he had. As that of a man who, in Madrid, appointed himself a consul of a small South American republic and sold—at a thousand dollars apiece—several hundred worthless passports to his panic-stricken fellow refugees. That all of them will be sent back to Europe does not worry the gentleman in the least.

Fortunately, these disgusting stories have to do not with the really prominent members of the International Set but with its hangers-on. The people who matter have no traffic with the phonies and chiselers. Such women as Lady Ribblesdale (Vincent Astor's mother), Elsie Mendl, Mrs. Jacques Balsan (the sister of W. K. and Harold Vanderbilt), and the Dowager Marchioness of Sutherland, to mention but four, are in no way responsible for the throng of locusts that descended upon our shores. They do not patronize the night clubs and their names are conspicuously absent from the gossip columns. Lady Ribblesdale is living quietly at the Hotel St. Regis in New York and giving most of her time to British relief work. The same goes for Elsie Mendl and the Dowager Marchioness of Sutherland. Mrs. Balsan cares little for New York and is living at her place in Florida.

The male members of the International Set are proud to have two of the world's most distinguished writers in their midst, W. Somerset Maugham and André Maurois. Practically nobody knows that in the very beginning of the war, in order to help the Allies with purchases of munitions in this country, they put their very substantial bank accounts in the United States at the disposal of their respective governments. It is a strange reflection on our times that while columns of newsprint are being given daily to the goings-on of international adventurers, not a word has been written so far about what Mr. Maugham, M. Maurois, and their like did for their countries.

And now I am approaching the most amazing case of all—the case of Barbara Hutton. Like Laura Corrigan, Barbara disappointed her hangers-on. Instead of opening a Haven for Fortune Chasers of All Nationalities in New York, she went to Hollywood. She loves Hollywood. Guess what she most likes about the motion-picture people. That one of them happens to be Cary Grant? No; that's idle gossip. What really fascinates her about Hollywood is the fact that, for the first time in her life, she does *not* get her presents C. O. D. When some one sends her a box of flowers or a bottle of perfume, no bill accompanies the gift. When a man invites her to have dinner and a dance, he actually does not expect her to give a high sign to the headwaiter indicating that the cost of the dinner is to be charged to her account. It's a far cry from the days when she used to spend most of her time signing checks covering the purchases of the wedding, birthday, and anniversary "gifts" bestowed upon her by her beloved husband Prince Mdivani and the in-laws. When her father, Franklyn Hutton, was alive, he was fond of showing to the visitors at his plantation in South Carolina a pair of snow-white Arabian horses.

"Gorgeous, aren't they?" he would say proudly. "They were sent to me as a gift. Shipped all the way from Arabia. . . . The bill arrived two weeks later."

THE END

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Carol, Crown Prince of Rumania, his first marriage, for love, having ended in an annulment, his second, for duty, rapidly approaching divorce, was further disillusioned about women when he discovered that his mother, Queen Marie, had a lover, Prince Stirbey. He plunged into a life of dissipation which he deserted only after Magdalena Lupescu, beautiful red-haired wife of an army officer, came into his life. She divorced her husband and Carol set her up in a house near the palace and spent with her all the time he could spare from his princely duties. His mother, Prince Stirbey, and their friends at court frowned on the affair, even after Carol's divorce from his wife. While Carol and Magda were out of the country they sent him word that he was to return—but without Lupescu. When he refused to give her up, they announced that he had "abdicated." With Magda, he went into exile in Paris.

Joy ride in Paris! Gay days and glittering nights . . New light on a royal mistress

Madame Pompadour OF RUMANIA

THE STORY OF MAGDA LUPESCU AND KING CAROL

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PART THREE—MAGDA PAYS THE PIPER

FEW kings' favorites have come on evil days so well prepared to endure them as Magda Lupescu. She is a Jew and a Rumanian. And of all the races which have survived to modern times, these two are, perhaps, the most inured to hardship.

The Jew, because from Old Testament times he has been eloquently articulate, because his history is so intertwined with our own Christian religion, and because he has chosen, or been forced, to make every nation his home, has made an indelible impression upon all the world.

The Rumanian, singularly tongue-tied except in heated argument with another Rumanian, possessing a history which is largely unrecorded even in his own language and having neither the flair nor the necessity for world wandering, has remained through the centuries perhaps the least known of European peoples.

One characteristic, however, stands out: the race's indestructibility.

The trait is emphasized over and over in Rumanian literature and folklore. A well known peasant prayer begins: "May the Lord not put on a Rumanian's shoulder all that he can bear."

To Magda Lupescu, lifted within a few brief years from the obscurity of a Moldavian apothecary's home and the modest status of the wife of a minor officer in the King's army to the luxury and life as paramour of the Rumanian Crown Prince, the fate which robbed her of all these perquisites and condemned her to the shoddy existence of the exiled mistress of a penniless young man may have seemed to pile on her comely white shoulders all that she could bear. But it was not too much.

Her lover was made of less stern stuff.

Although greatly rehabilitated from the state in which she found him after his notorious career in the red-light district of Bucharest, Carol was still a nervous chain-smoking problem child with what some wise man has described as "an ugly streak of maladjustment in his nature."

Carol did not have the advantage, so far as durability went, of being either a Rumanian or a Jew; but he was almost everything else. In short, he was, and is, a mongrel.

To reduce the mixture to simplest terms, he was German and French on his father's side and Russian and English on his mother's. Most of these nationalities have been at war with each other—sometimes in pairs, sometimes in triplets, sometimes in quadruplets—since the beginning of European time. They didn't stop warring when they found themselves entangled once more within the earthly body of Carol of Rumania.

There is nothing in this mixture of warring races which necessarily means weakness. We have all read of—and many have witnessed—instances of loyalty and heroism in mongrel breeds, both canine and human. Generally speaking, however, the thoroughbred animal has an advantage over the crossbred one at the starting gun of any race. The stories of great horses teach us that. The crossbred steed that overcomes this handicap and finishes before the field is the exception, not the rule; and this royal mongrel—no matter how strong a man he may since have become—was not one of those exceptions.

Too, there has always been some question of Carol's courage.

He deserted the Rumanian army during the World War, while he was serving as a more or less honorary colonel, to run away across the Russian border to marry smiling-eyed Zizi Lambrino. In military circles that was not kindly regarded.

This incident occurred, of course, long before the beginning of his five-year exile with Lupescu, but there are similarities which are inescapable. From the comfortable distance of Venice's Grand Canal, Carol showed unexpected nerve in defying by mail the demands of his mother and her two fellow conspirators, Stirbey and Bratianu. But it seems never to have occurred to him then, or for five years thereafter, to return to Bucharest and put up a fight in person for his rights as a prince and an individual and a lover.

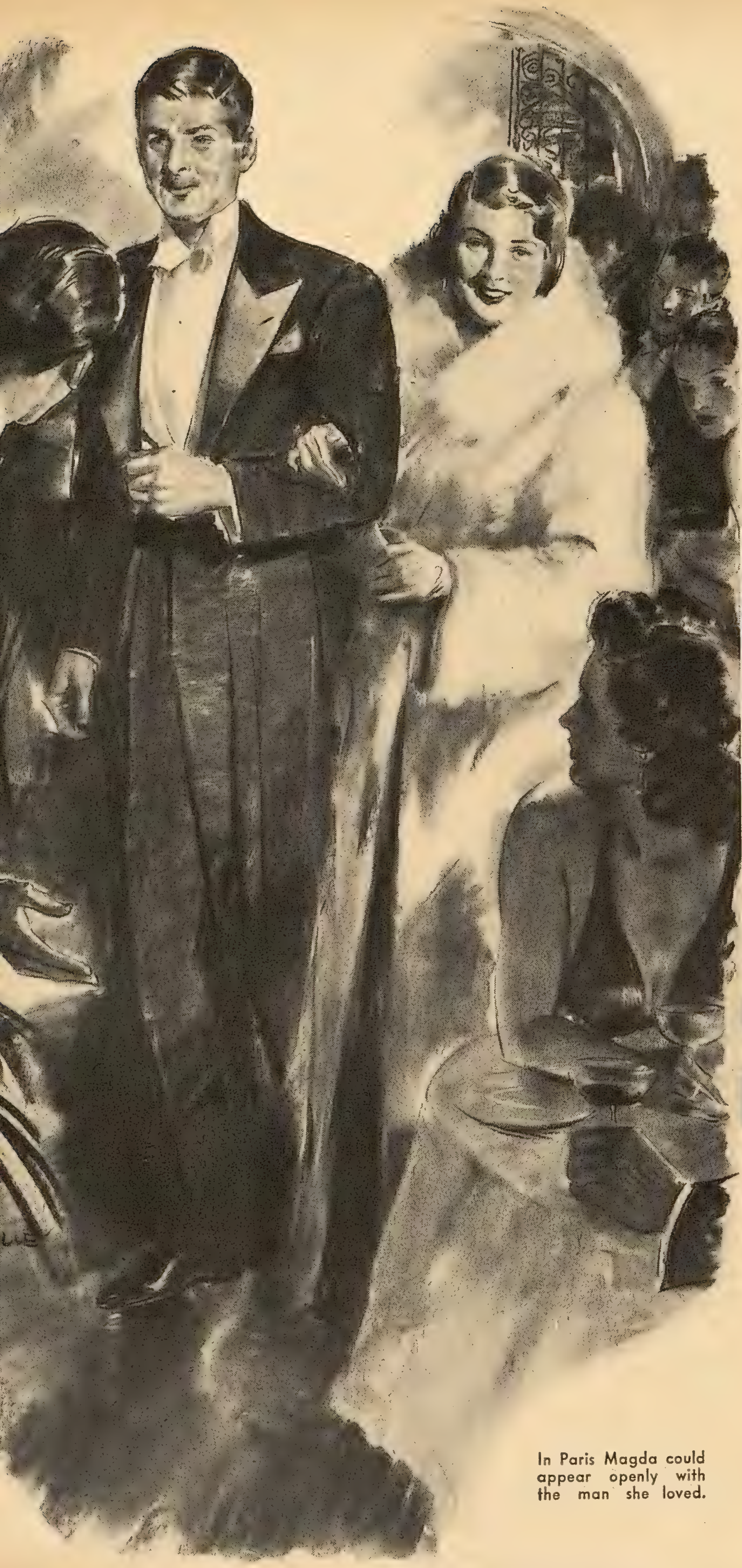
And there is evidence "after the fact" which tends to strengthen the impression of physical timidity. One such, if we may be permitted a brief digression in the interest of establishing our point, occurred years later, when Carol was more or less firmly settled on the throne, and his Prime Minister, Jon Duca, was murdered by his political enemies.

A grand funeral was planned and Carol was to be the chief mourner. All the arrangements had been made, not only for the elaborate ceremony but for the strict guarding of the royal person against another outbreak on the part of the murderous elements, whose feelings were known to be as strong against the King as they had been against his Prime Minister. Carol never appeared.

On the morning of the funeral the King developed what has been called a "diplomatic illness," which served as an excuse for his not appearing to his troubled people when his appearance might have resulted in the complete routing of his rebellious enemies. Reports spread through the town that the King was shaking in fear behind the palace walls. Whether this was so, or whether he had simply received word of an Iron Guard plot and was doing the only wise thing to prevent it, we will never know. Anyhow, the incident added nothing to his already less than robust reputation for personal bravery.

But, putting aside the question of this most important requisite in one for whom it suddenly became necessary to embark upon a career of im-

Carol walking on Regent Street during a visit to London after he became King.



In Paris Magda could appear openly with the man she loved.

poverished exile, it cannot be denied that Carol possessed other handicaps against success in such a career.

By nature or by training he had grown into a rude, overbearing, vain, willful, and stubborn young man, who had almost no friends and no ability to make any. He was truculent and resentful—a complicated and altogether unlovely overgrown boy, with no sense of humor and almost no charm. In fact, few youths were ever less well equipped to come to grips with the world than this proud, nervous, dissipation-weakened Carol Hohenzollern.

And he didn't come to grips with it—for a long, long time. Instead, he joined his fellow postwar royal refugees in the greatest joy ride *on credit* in the history of Paris night life.

IT happens that the present writer's work at this period led him over a stretch of years into rather intimate observation of these royal refugees, and he would not wish any reflections which he may seem to cast on the life which Carol and Magda lived during their first months in Paris to condemn the whole uprooted royal lot. He will never forget, for instance, the day he discovered the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia—in whose palace at St. Petersburg there was a swimming pool of Carrara marble rimmed by banks of emerald moss and flanked by primroses and violets and hyacinths—bending over a sewing machine in an up-one-flight back-street Paris workshop.

The reader has doubtless recognized this Grand Duchess Marie as the able and beautiful woman of the world who still supports herself—in America now—by her writings and her gift for fashion designing, and who has contributed to these pages.

I have the autographed photograph she gave me later that day in her modest apartment, and I remember almost as vividly another autographed portrait which dominated her small marble-topped living-room table on which was set out, as a sort of supporting cast, at least a hundred tiny ivory elephants which an unpredictable officialdom, after stripping her of her jewels and her furs, had allowed her to take with her in her flight across the Russian border.

The dominating portrait was that of a dominating woman, the Grand Duchess's aunt, Marie of Rumania!

I use the Grand Duchess Marie as an example, because she is now so well known in America. But she was not the only exiled woman of noble blood, or man either, who was working hard those days to earn an honest living in a world which they had been taught to regard as their oyster. I found many other brave girls fighting for an existence as mannequins in the great dressmaking establishments where they had formerly bought their gorgeous clothes, as servants in homes where they had formerly been honored guests, as chorus girls at the Casino de Paris and the Folies-Bergère; and princely boys on the drivers' seats of taxicabs and old men who had once commanded battleships mending stuffed chairs in upholsterers' workshops.

But it was not toward the ranks of these honest workers that Carol of Rumania naturally gravitated.

The Paris that Carol knew was the Paris of Ciro's and the Ritz, of Pré-Catalan and the Café Madrid, of the Acacias and the Abbaye Thélème. These were the spots he had frequented, where he had displayed with boyish pride the beauty of his Titian-haired mistress.

In the beginning it was clear that Magda Lupescu didn't know what it was all about.

This, too, was the only Paris she had ever seen, and a delightful one it was to the high-spirited young girl who, for all the luxury in which she lived in Bucharest, was virtually a prisoner in her own house. In Paris she could appear openly with the man she loved, and receive that public homage which belongs by right to every beautiful woman. Now, for the first time, she was able to live this life not for a day or a week but continuously, apparently permanently—anyhow for so long as it was better business for Master Restaurateurs Julian and Ollivier to whisper to their American customers that "the gentleman over there with the beautiful lady is the Crown Prince of Rumania" than it was to ask His Royal Highness to pay his check.

CERTAINLY the Lupescu of those days, as she swept with truly queenly mien into the "little room" at Ciro's—at that time the throne room of postwar café society—gave every evidence of enjoying herself to the royal hilt. Invariably she was shown with her lover to a table on a slightly raised platform in a graceful indentation in the cream-colored wall. For this room she almost always affected black.

Her thick lustrous hair was combed back in long red waves to reveal the very latest Parisian idea, the rediscovered ear. On her heavily rouged lips would sometimes rest a long slender cigarette holder, ebony set with diamonds. Her shoulders, the whitest you ever saw, a bit sumptuous perhaps but roundly beautiful, rose majestically from the severe setting of her daring black evening gown. She was wealth, fashion, power—so far as the world could see. Mistress or no mistress, poison or no poison, she was what the French mean by a "grand lady."

In this Parisian society of the middle '20s Carol and Magda found many a congenial companion of Balkan lineage who, like themselves, were teetering gaily on the precarious edge of ruin. One such was the elder brother of Carol's brother-in-law, King Alexander of Yugoslavia. Alexander himself had until recently been in Paris, consoling himself no end among the cliff dwellers of Montmartre until dragged back to his square stucco house in Belgrade by strong-armed Queen Marie to marry one of her empire-building Rumanian daughters. Elder brother really was the one who should have gone back to be King of Yugoslavia and become Carol's brother-in-law, but he preferred to stay in Paris and live at the Continental Hotel. And who could blame him really, since Belgrade at that time was a dour place, with pigs enjoying the freedom of the streets, whereas Charlie at the Continental bar made, and still makes, the best dry Martini in Europe!

With such as these Carol and Magda consorted during the first months of their exile. Royal cuffs are long, and a lot of food and drink and bedding can be acquired just by scribbling thereon, before the long-suffering publicans will demand a settling of the reckoning. But that dark moment does come, even in the life of a royal spendthrift, and then he must either borrow money or go to work.

Nine times out of ten—and Carol in these days was always one to vote with the majority—he borrows.

One night at the Acacias I asked the Grand Duke Dmitri, brother of the Grand Duchess Marie and as unlike her as a member of the same family could possibly be, how he worked it. Dmitri had arrived in Paris only a couple of years before "with eight dollars and an extra shirt." This night, and almost every night, he was blithely drinking vintage champagne in Paris' swankiest night club, and enjoying himself as if there never had been a Russian revolution or a Romanoff debacle.

"How do I live?" repeated the Grand Duke without taking offense. "How do all my class live? We know nothing, that is, how to do nothing. We have no money, but, my dear sir, we have friends, and such wonderful friends! The first year, I made a loan. Last year, I made a loan. But I could not go on that way. This year I am working on a grand plan to pay back my loans and live."

"And may I ask what is the plan?"

"Floating a company, monsieur!"

WELL, Carol went through the stages that Dmitri and many another had gone through. There are always those who are willing to loan money to exiled kings and future kings so long as they believe there is a reasonable chance of the exiles being restored to their positions of power and influence. Of course, in return for such accommodation, the loaners expect promises of future concessions—in Rumania, for instance, in the rich oil fields over which nations are now fighting—and the harassed loanees are usually willing to make those promises.

Carol went through the pocketbooks of these optimists like a Greyhound bus through the Holland Tunnel. Then, as months lengthened into years, and no insistent demand for the prodigal's return surged up from the valley of the Danube, he found his former friends and backers conspicuous chiefly by their absence.

The next step down the royal hill to ruin is traffic with lesser fry, who have no wish to play the longer game for possible larger rewards but who hope to gain temporary prestige for some ephemeral get-rich-quick project of their own through adding to their board of directors or distinguished patrons a touch of the royal purple. Small loans, sometimes brief periods of rather sizable salary-taking, emerge from these transactions, but along with these temporary benefits, especially when the bubble bursts, a foul smell rises which offends the nostrils of both the financial and social world.

The French have a word for it: *déclassé*. And that is what Carol of Rumania jolly well became by the time he had wallowed for a year in the mire of shady financial schemes.

His manner of living finally brought from his kinsman, King George V of England, a sharp rebuke, and stamped him forever on the Anglo-Saxon mind as "the Horrible Hohenzollern."

THEN, at long last, Magda Lupescu—to whom her royal lover, for all his faults, had hitherto seemed a fairy prince with a bottomless store of wealth and power—took command of Carol's ship of life, and, for better or worse, in deep waters and shallow, has steered it ever since.

Stripped of his royal panoply and power, plunged into a poverty with which he was powerless to cope, this uncouth humorless stick of a man presented little that could have been alluring to a gorgeous creature like the Magda Lupescu that then was—a woman who had but to lift her shapely finger to have half of postwar Europe chasing after her.

The woman already had everything but married respectability, and she might easily have achieved that with another suitor. The man now had nothing, for himself or her. Few women so placed would have stuck by Carol in this dark hour. But Magda Lupescu *did* stand by him—through thick and thin.

Otrava rosie, "the Red Poison"—that is what they called her in her royal lover's "hours of ease"—and perhaps, so far as Rumania was concerned, she consciously or unconsciously deserved the title. But when the pain of poverty and the anguish of exile descended on Carol's brow, she was a ministering angel.

"Magda loves Carol," a member of Lupescu's household once told me, "as a mother loves a naughty but tenderhearted boy."

I don't know about that "tenderhearted" part. Carol has exhibited little softness of either heart or hand in dealing with his enemies during his intermittent spans of power. But it is to be supposed that he has always showed to Lupescu a side which remained hidden from the rest of the world. And, anyhow, perhaps it doesn't matter. It wasn't necessary really for Magda's friend to complete her sentence. She might have stopped with the simple declarative: "Magda loves Carol."

So, with this fact as their sole capital—unless we include a certain bulldog tenacity and almost childish dependency on Carol's part which might pass for love—the young couple started life all over again in the now inhospitable city of Paris.

When I say that Lupescu's love for Carol was their only capital, I am speaking the exact truth. However, that love was able to translate itself into various forms, some exceedingly useful in their hour of need.

One of them was that Magda had been brought up in a small shopkeeper's home, where the womenfolk did their own work and where daughters were brought up to follow in the housewifely footsteps of their mothers. For all the life of luxury which she had led in the villa in the Chaussée Kisseleff, Magda's muscles had not softened nor her skills rusted. She was able to keep a poor man's house, and did.

Also there were the jewels which Carol had given her in Bucharest. By themselves these gems might not properly be described as love. But the mistress' willingness to send these jewels to the pawnbroker to support the royal playboy who had showered them upon her seems to come strictly in that category.

This Magda Lupescu did until there were no more jewels to take to the pawnbroker's. Then, like the sensible woman she was, she persuaded Carol to do a sensible thing.

"YOU have kinfolk across the Channel in England," she said. "I know that you have offended them and that you yourself have been hurt by their attitude, especially the King's. But, after all, they are your own people. For their own sakes and their reputations, as well as for yours, they will help you."

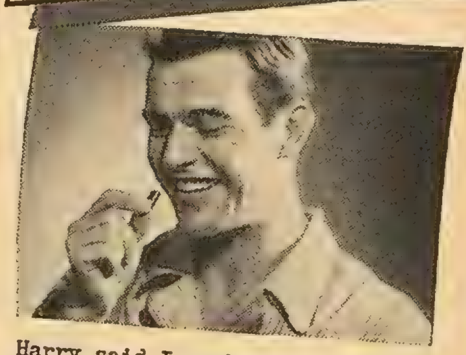
There was little else that the pair could do. Magda's housekeeping economies would be of no avail when there was no longer anything on which to economize. Besides, overdue promises to pay were rising on every side to plague them and drive them from the country.

So Carol and Magda turned the key on the tiny Paris apartment where they had lived for more than a year a life which was outwardly just like that of many thousands of young couples in Montmartre and Montparnasse, and, like modern Daniels, went to beard the Lion in his den. Meanwhile the skies had been falling in Rumania!

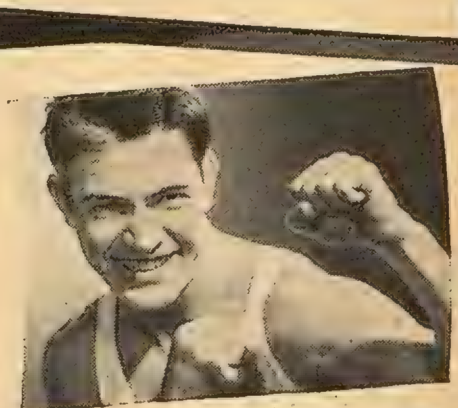
How did his royal British cousins welcome the scapegrace Carol and his flamboyant mistress? Next week's chapter will tell—and will reveal, as well, the amazing series of events which led to the prodigal's return to his own country.

From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---

Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.



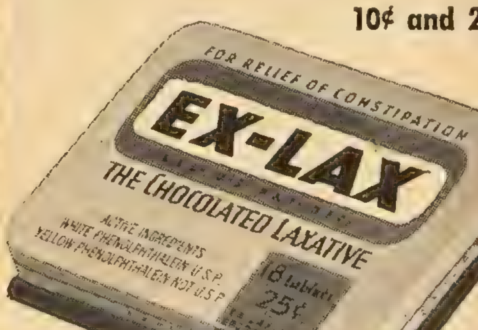
Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Death WAITS FOR A LADY

A girl in danger, a race for life . . . Drama grows tense as an exciting novel nears its end

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

BARTLETT TODD, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, sails on his yawl, the White Heron, to the Barren Cays in the Bahamas to investigate a wreck which the Commodore believes is the Bluebird, on which his son Duncan and Duncan's wife sailed twenty years ago. It was an article in a yachting magazine which called attention to the wreck, and Bart expects to meet the author, Jeremy Jones, at Little Harbor and get him to pilot the Heron out to the cays. When he arrives, however, he discovers that Jeremy and his wife have been drowned, and that Ann, Jeremy's beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter, has been hired as a pilot by Charlie Campbell, the Commodore's wastrel son, and Charlie's new wife, formerly Iris Lake, once a rum-runner. Iris and Charlie say they want to prove that Duncan is dead so they can inherit the fortune he left in a Boston bank, but Bart suspects them of some more sinister motive.

Iris' cruiser, the Daiquirette, and Bart's Heron, with Killer, an ex-prize-fighter, Albert, a Bahaman Negro, and Tommy, Commodore Campbell's eleven-year-old grandson, aboard, anchor on their way to the Barren Cays. A broken arm of Albert's makes it necessary for Bart to take him back to Dr. Featherstone, an old Englishman who has been looking out for Ann since her parents' death. Bart, in love with Ann, urges her not to take the Daiquirette to the wreck before he returns. She agrees, but when Bart and Albert come back to where the two boats had been anchored, they are gone. Bart is desperately frightened for Ann, because he has just found out from Dr. Featherstone that Jeremy Jones, her father, was really Duncan Campbell and that Ann is to inherit his fortune when she is twenty-one. She alone stands between Charlie and the money. "Albert!" I gasped. "They're gone!"

PART ELEVEN—IRIS SHOWS HER COLORS

"YAAS?" Albert pondered for a moment. "Dat's hall right, cap'n," he said cheerfully, in the manner of one humoring a child. "If dey go, we go too. Doan you worry. We find dem hall right, cap'n."

"Find them! In the Barren Cays? Without a pilot? Without a chart? You must be crazy, Albert!"

I sat down on the thwart, limp and sweating. The boat rushed on, the water at the bow singing a little song. I didn't look up for a long time. I didn't think about it very hard, either. I was suddenly too tired, too utterly bone-weary, to think.

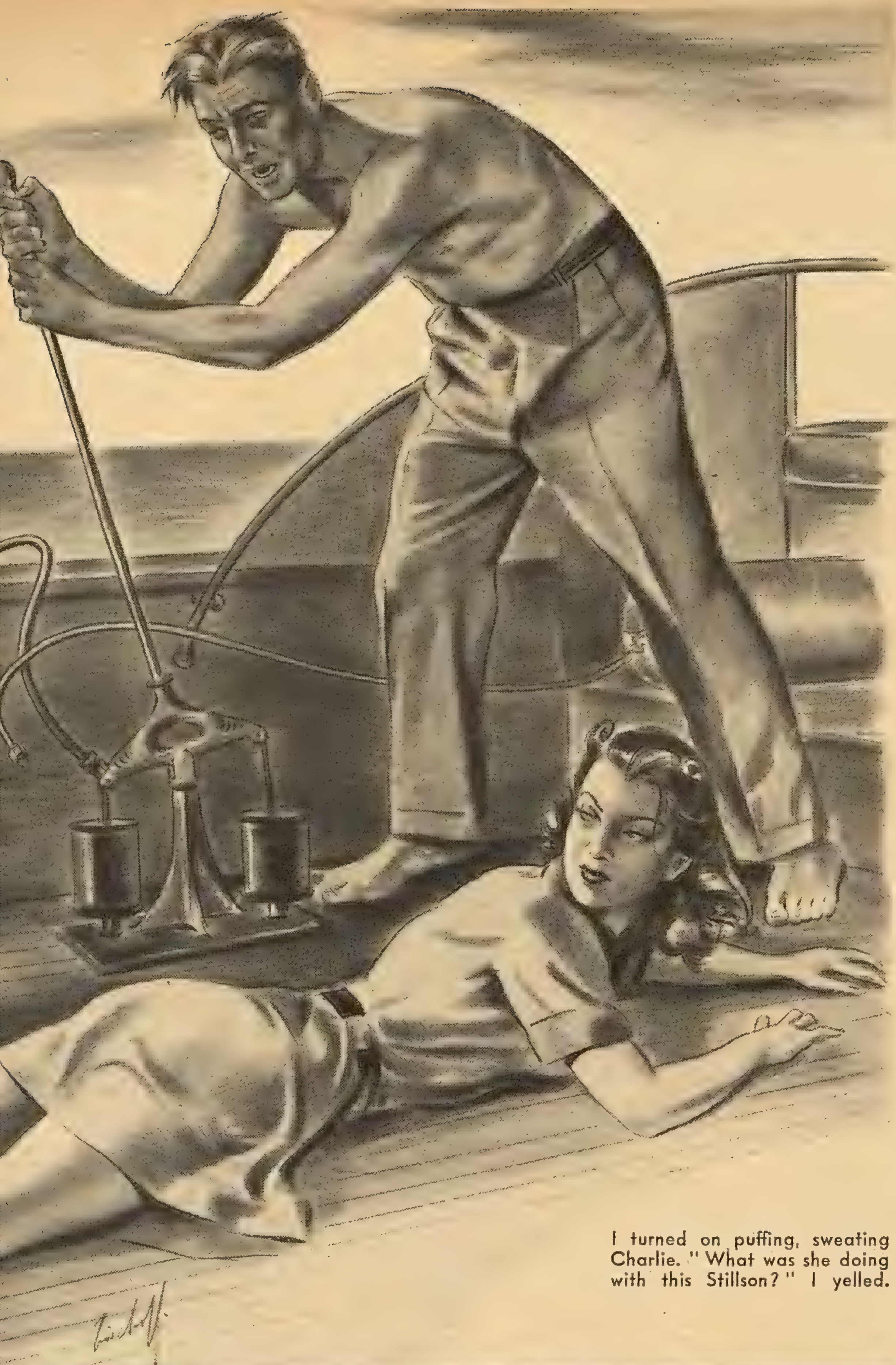
They were gone, and that was that, and I was sunk.

"Squall coming, cap'n," Albert said calmly.

I raised my head. Off on the western horizon a mass of formless gray cloud was building up, and I realized all at once that the wind was failing, growing puffy.

"Let it come," I muttered. "Who cares?"

We didn't take the time to go around the island and beat into the bight on the northern side. There would have been no point in doing that. The Daiquirette was gone, the Heron was gone, and the island, so far as I could see, was deserted. If any message had been left for me,



I turned on puffing, sweating Charlie. "What was she doing with this Stillson?" I yelled.

I'd find it on the shore; and I could walk across the cay much faster than we could sail around it.

Albert beached the sloop. I hopped out and hauled it up as far as I could. The slate-gray disturbance to westward was spreading, moving toward us. I watched it for a moment, cursing bitterly. It must have been the reaction—all that afternoon I had been sure the fates were smiling on me, giving me that fine wind. But now my luck had turned sour. We were in for a squall, possibly a storm.

"Stay here, Albert," I ordered. "I'll walk over and see if they left a message. Unless Tommy shoved off in a hurry, he'd have sense enough to leave some word. Maybe a note on a forked stick. Or a message traced in the hard sand. He's a pretty shrewd kid, you know."

It was only wishful thinking. When I crossed the island to the small bight in which I had left the cruiser and the Heron at anchor, I found no message, no clue to where the boats had gone, or why, or when. Even the tracks which we had left on the beach the night before, and the cut in the sand made by the keel of Gates' boat, had been washed away by the tide and blown away by the wind.

Bootjack Cay, where the Bluebird lay, was thirty miles to the northeast. Thirty dangerous miles of reefs and sand bores and shoals, of swift currents and barren desolate cays. With no chart, no knowledge of the water, and no more than an hour of daylight left, how could Albert and I hope to sail that little sloop to Bootjack?

And yet, walking down the slope of the beach, I said, "Climb in, Albert. Put your weight in the stern and I'll shove her off. We're going to Bootjack Cay."

"Yaas, cap'n," he said quickly, cocking an eye at the gray clouds to westward. "Dat squall going to miss us." He grinned at me, as though telling me the gods of wind and weather were still on our side, and swung a leg over the gunwale.

By sundown we had made five of the thirty miles to Bootjack. Just after the sun dipped from sight, and while the sky and the mottled sea were still bright, I got as high in the bow as I could and swept the horizon with the glasses for one final look. There was no sign of ship nor of life in any direction. Nothing but white water breaking over the brown reefs; the serrated silhouette of dry sand bores; the jade-green patches of the shoals; the flat dead-white cays of every size and shape.

Surveying that appallingly lonely expanse of land and sea, with the sun gone and the moonless night settling down so fast, I felt my heart sinking and I was glad I was not alone.

"They're miles ahead of us, Albert. No sign of them yet."

I *hoped* they were ahead of us. How could I really know where that headstrong boy and that punch-drunk wrestler had decided to go? My knees felt fluid as I went aft and sat down.

"Doan you mind," Albert cheerfully repeated. "We find dem, cap'n."

There he sat, far more tired than I, his aching arm in a sling, knowing he'd be virtually helpless if we got into trouble on the reefs and yet trying his best to keep my spirits up! Good old Albert!

The last faint traces of light faded out of the sky. As though an unseen pilot were guiding it in a great circle around the Barren Cays, the rain squall had hauled into the south and then around to the east, and now much of the sky on our starboard hand was covered by a black curtain. Except in the east, however, there was not a cloud in the heavens and the stars were close and bright. And yet tonight they seemed very cold. And Albert was shivering.

SHALL I take her for a while, Albert?"

"No, cap'n. Better Hi steer. Hi 'ave de feel of de water."

He had, too. Time and again I saw vicious columns of coral, outlined with phosphorescent foam, rear up with a sibilant splashing in the trough of the seas. And because you couldn't see the long lazy ground swells, nor feel the boat lift and fall, you got the idea that the water was motionless and that the coral heads were slowly pumping up and down as though operated by some gigantic system of cams. It was an awesome thing to watch.

Any one of those pillars of coral, coming up under the sloop as she slid off the crest of a swell, would have torn her bottom out. You couldn't see them, either, until they broke water, hissing and bright with foam, and sometimes so close you could have reached out and touched their slimy jagged surface. You couldn't see them unless, like Albert, your life, on countless black nights, had depended on seeing them and keeping off them.

I wasn't frightened—but I was glad we were not aboard the Heron. I was glad our little craft drew less than a foot of water.

Three times we went aground on sand bores. Twice I was able, with Albert standing first in the stern and then in the bow, to haul the craft over into deeper water. The third time I had to back her off and, wading, because I found it easier than poling, pull her around the wide bar.

Once we touched a reef which was just below the surface. The sloop heeled over and slid along it with an awful grinding that sounded as though every plank were being torn out of her bottom. And then we were off it and there was no sound of trickling water in the boat and I hadn't even seen the reef.

"Close, huh, Albert?" My teeth were chattering and sweat was streaming off my face.

"Close, cap'n," he admitted, his voice grave but calm.

The wind was in the west now, and as we were running northeast it was still well abaft our beam. But Albert pulled off his course and headed north, to give the reef a wide berth.

I watched the tossing foam for a while. It drew nearer, and finally I said, "Albert, that reef is pretty close."

"Yaas, cap'n. De current set us over. You trim de sheet, please, cap'n."

He was pointing her higher into the wind, and I sprang to the sheets, hauling the mainsail in until the boom was almost amidships. The reef crept steadily closer despite Albert's efforts to haul off. I could see the end of it now, but, with the current relentlessly setting us eastward, I knew we'd never fetch it.

"You'll have to tack," I said bitterly.

"Yaas, cap'n."

One adroit tug on the oar and the little craft came about as smoothly as a racing sloop. The boom swung over, the sail filled with a snap, and we were off on the other tack. We had lost hardly any way, and I reached back and clapped Albert over the shoulder. I had to swallow, for my heart seemed right up in my throat, before I could say, "Nice going, Albert."

We had to tack five more times before we were able to fetch the end of the reef, and when it finally slid past, it was so close on our starboard hand I could have spit on it.

"We made it, cap'n," Albert said quietly, as though it were all in the night's work.

I don't know how Albert, after all he had been through, held up. I do know that I, with one sleepless night behind me, was on the verge of cracking up a dozen times and only Albert's cool dogged determination kept me from saying, "To hell with it! Run her on the first shoal you come to and let's get some sleep."

AROUND midnight I was sitting with my head on my arms, too tired to keep watch, when Albert suddenly cried, "Look, cap'n! Look!"

My head snapped up as though he had slugged me in the small of the back. Almost dead ahead, a magnesium flare was floating slowly downward under its small parachute. I watched it, not breathing, until it was snuffed out in the sea.

"That," I said, taking a deep gulp of air, "would be Tommy. How far away was that flare, Albert?"

"Hi doan know, cap'n. Hi doan know much about flares."

"Two or three miles—maybe five at the most. I hope he had sense enough to anchor before he got into trouble!"

Half an hour later another flare burst dead ahead of us. This one seemed much higher and I knew we were coming up on the Heron fast. And sure enough, when the flare died and my eyes became used to the darkness again, I could make out the White Heron's small searchlight sweeping the sky in slow circles.

We came on her silently. Tommy and Killer were sitting in the cockpit and the yawl was safe at anchor. Tommy suddenly spotted our sails and popped up like a jack-in-the-box; Killer rose slowly and the two of them stood there on deck waiting for us. I went forward and got the sloop's painter, and as Albert brought her alongside I tossed the line to Killer.

"Hi-yuh, Al, ol' kid?" the big fellow bellowed cheerfully. And then, in a meek flat voice: "Hello, captain."

Albert and I greeted him with silence. We got the sails doused and then climbed aboard the yawl. I stood for a moment looking the two of them over. I was too mad, now that I had found them safe, to say a word. Killer shifted from one bare foot to the other and didn't look at me. Tommy squared his shoulders and grimly met my gaze without flinching.

"Killer," I said finally, "put some coffee on. We're dead."

The big fellow leaped for the companionway. "We got it all hot, skip." He was so eager to do something for me that I almost laughed. "We knew you'd be along."

"And how did you know that?"

Killer, down in the cabin, pretended he didn't hear me.

"All right, Tommy. Let's have it," I ordered. "Why did you disobey me and run off with the Heron?"

TOMMY rubbed his head with his fist. He didn't speak for a moment, but when he started the words gushed out in a stream:

"Bart, I couldn't let 'em go on without me, could I? You told me they weren't going today, but about noon they started out without saying anything to me. Ann just waved as she went by, and I figured that Uncle Charlie was double-crossing us because you were gone, and I couldn't let him do that, could I? Well, Killer was down below asleep—you know how sound he sleeps—"

"I kept watch all night long, skip!" Killer yelled up the companionway. "Never slept a wink. Come daylight I thought it was safe to grab a little shut-eye. And then the kid—"

Tommy drowned out the rest of it by rushing on excitedly with: "Killer was sound asleep all the time, Bart, so I got the anchor up and started the motor. I couldn't get the anchor aboard, but I winched it in so it wouldn't drag, and followed Ann right out of the harbor. She only went a little ways and then she slowed down, and when I came up behind her she told me to go back, and I told her to go to the dickens. And Uncle Charlie and that woman told me to go back too, and I told them the same thing. They talked for a while, and then they went on, and I followed them until I lost them, and then I got out my chart and—"

"And then I woke up, skip," Killer interrupted, appearing on deck with two mugs of steaming coffee. "Boy, was I surprised! Not a thing in sight but the ocean and this little squirt at the wheel. The coffee hot enough, skip?"

"I wanted to go on," Tommy said. "I can follow a chart and I could of made Bootjack before dark easy. But Killer wouldn't let me. He made me anchor. And we've been sitting here ever since, waiting for you to come along. It was my idea to send up the flares. Every half hour since dark. There's only two left. How is Albert's arm?"

Albert had drunk his coffee and collapsed in his favorite corner of the cockpit.

"Albert's arm is all right. Get his blanket and the boat cover and put them over him. And then go to bed."

"Aye, aye, captain," Tommy said with an audible sigh of relief, and scurried below.

I sat down and finished my coffee, and wondered if I should call the Commodore and tell him he had a granddaughter whom he had never heard of, and that the family of boys Duncan mentioned in his letters never existed, and that Duncan himself had been drowned less than a year ago. I decided against phoning because I was too tired to answer all the old man's questions. I was too tired even to tell Tommy that Ann was his cousin.

I set the alarm and went to bed.

WE were up at dawn. I climbed the mast and swept the horizon with the glasses. There were three cays in sight, a small one to the north and two larger ones to the west. When I descended to the deck, Tommy was waiting for me with his chart. He pointed to a small circled anchor which he had drawn in with a pencil.

"This is our position, sir," he announced, very officerlike and important.

Amazingly, the chart showed a small cay to the north and two larger cays to the west of the anchor.

"I can hardly believe it," I said.

"Bart, I told you my chart was ackerate."

"Tommy, you're a genius."

"And you're not mad at me because I run off with the Heron?"

"Sailor, thanks to you, we're some fifteen miles farther along our way than we would have been if you'd obeyed orders. Now run forward and help Killer get the anchor aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir," he yelped gleefully.

We were anchored—according to Tommy's chart and my own dead reckoning, which by a miracle were in agreement—about fifteen miles southwest by south of Bootjack Cay. It was a fine cloudless morning, with a wind that barely ruffled the surface. The light was excellent; every square inch of bottom was visible through the clear water. Despite the reputation of the Barren Cays, and despite all the close calls we'd had the night before in a boat drawing little more than a foot of water, I couldn't see why, in daylight, we should have any difficulty in carrying our five-foot draft on through the reefs and shoals and scattered cays to Bootjack.

And yet, we were in trouble ten minutes after we weighed anchor. It wasn't serious—merely a cul-de-sac where two reefs ran together in a V too shallow to let us through—but we had to come about and run back nearly a mile before we could cross over the deeper of the reefs and square off on our course again.

It went that way all morning, with

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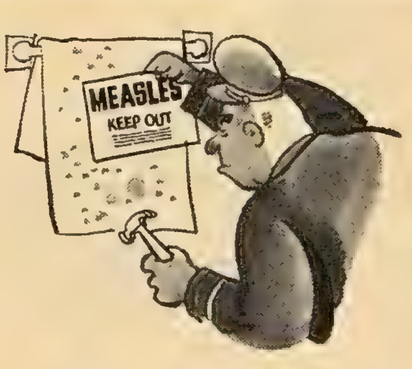
(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)



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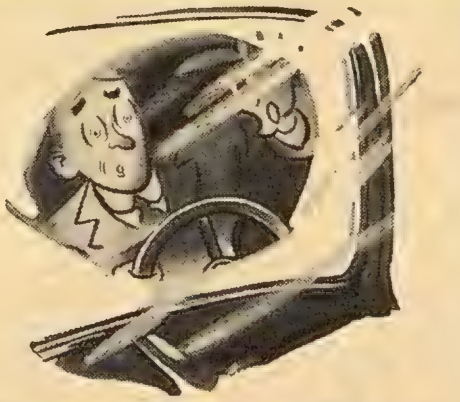

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(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)

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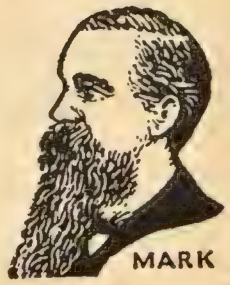

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the wind holding light, the sky cloudless, the sea calm. The water was so clear we couldn't get in trouble. But neither were we getting to Bootjack Cay. And I realized as the morning wore on that one foot of draft—Jeremy's little schooner, a typical Nassau job, had drawn only four feet—made a lot of difference in navigating these treacherous reef-strewn shallow waters.

By noon I was practically frantic with worry.

"The hell with this," I said finally. "The water is getting worse all the time, and at the rate we're beating around we won't get to Bootjack by dark. I'm going ahead with the sloop. Killer, you're coming with me."

"I'm all for it, skip."

"Albert, you have about ten miles yet to go. The course is northeast by north. You and Tommy keep plugging along as best you can. If you haven't made Bootjack by dark, anchor wherever you are and we'll start back looking for you. There are two flares left. Send up one at eight o'clock and the other at midnight. And keep the searchlight on."

"Yaas, cap'n."

Tommy did not say a word, but his mouth tightened up and all at once he turned and scurried below. Albert looked at me and said softly, "'E want to go so baad, cap'n. You take 'im, please? Hi doan need 'im, cap'n."

I shrugged. After all, Albert would be running under power and he needed only his one good arm and his two good eyes.

"Tommy, I've changed my mind," I called. "You're going with Killer and me. And bring your chart."

And so we left Albert at the wheel of the White Heron and pushed on in the shallow-draft sloop.

IT was three o'clock that afternoon when we sighted our goal. Tommy, halfway up the frail mast, yelled suddenly, "There's Bootjack! And the Daiquirette! My chart was right!"

I jumped on a thwart, and my heart began to pound as I made out the green top of the cruiser's cabin. The boat, almost out of sight, lay at anchor behind a big flat cay a couple of miles to westward.

"Come onto the other tack, Killer," I ordered breathlessly. "Watch it, Tommy."

Killer came about and we ran for several minutes straight for Bootjack Cay. Then we almost struck a short reef and had to bear off and tack around the end of it. The water, though not rough, was rippled by the light wind and the sun was directly in our eyes. It was so difficult to make out the bottom that a few minutes later we grounded on a shoal which we hadn't even seen.

Killer, hopping into the shallow water to pull us off, grumbled: "It looks like a big one, skip."

I stood up on the gunwale and surveyed the shoal. As nearly as I could judge, there was less than a foot of water all the way to Bootjack Cay.

"Killer, I'm walking. You'll have to follow the edge of this shoal till you come to a channel that'll take you clear around the cay. Make it as snappy as you can. Tommy, stay with the boat."

I cast off my shirt and sneakers and hopped into the ankle-deep water. Then, as I was about to start across the flats, I suddenly decided that Killer and Tommy should know the score—just in case I ran into trouble.

I said, "I haven't told you two, because I haven't felt like talking about it. But I found out yesterday, Tommy, that Jeremy Jones was really your Uncle Duncan. All that money you've heard us talk about is Ann's. Ann doesn't know it, but your Uncle Charlie does. That's why he hired Ann to bring him over here. Not to locate the Bluebird, but—"

I didn't go any further, because even out there in the wilderness of the Barren Cays it seemed so melodramatic to talk of murder.

TOMMY'S only comment, muttered lugubriously, was: "Heck! You were right all the time—it *wasn't* a treasure ship!"

And then Killer grinned, and I realized he wasn't so slow on the pick-up. "Four million bucks, kid, ain't pretzels."

"Now hurry along as fast as you can," I ordered. "And if there's any trouble when you get over there, Killer, try to keep your head and do what I tell you to."

"Skip, leave it to me. I always co-operate, don't I?"

I turned and headed off through the shallow water at a dogtrot. I ran for a quarter of a mile; then the bank dropped off almost sheer, and I had to swim for fifty yards or more before I came onto another shoal which extended to the shore.

The elevation of the cay was greater than it had looked, and when I finally came out of the water onto the shell-strewn beach I could just barely see the green top of the Daiquirette's cabin. The cay, too, had looked flat from a distance, but I found it was actually an extensive series of dry sand bores.

I climbed the first windrow cautiously and peered across the island. The cruiser was anchored in a small lagoon formed by two curving sandspits which bore out from either end of the cay like the claws on a crab. Iris was leaning out of the cockpit, watching the water on the far side of the boat. Charlie, who also had his back to me, was pushing the long handle of an air pump back and forth, and I knew some one was under water. The cruiser's little dinghy was not in sight. Neither were the two Negroes, nor Ann.

A wave of relief swept over me and I sat down for a moment to catch my breath. Charlie Campbell, I reasoned, knew of course that the wreck was the Bluebird, and if he had sent one of the blacks down to investigate it he had done it only to allay Ann's suspicions. Ann, then, was safe.

Calming myself with this apparent logic, I finally got to my feet and started across the cay. Following one of the channels between the sand bores, I kept out of sight and didn't catch a glimpse of the cruiser until I came out on the other side of the island. Then I saw the dinghy drawn up a few hundred yards down the beach, and the two blacks lolling in the sand beside it.

All the reassurance I had built up flowed out of me. For *Ann* was doing the diving, and Charlie Campbell, with a fortune literally in the palm of his hand, was manning the air pump!

The two people in the cockpit were looking the other way and the Negroes gave no sign that they saw me as I ran across the narrow beach, slipped into the water, and swam quietly toward the Daiquirette. She was only a hundred feet off shore. As I drew near her, both Iris and Charlie dropped out of my line of vision. Even if they had glanced around, they could not have seen me as I swam the last twenty feet and, with my body half under the boat and my toes touching the keel, lay quietly listening. I heard plenty, but it made no sense.

"It's that brat from Hubbard Cay," Charlie was saying.

"No! *Two* men are in that boat!" Iris' voice was shrill with tension. "I tell you, it's Todd and that wrestler."

I HEARD a thump as some one jumped into the cockpit from the cabin roof. And I realized, of course, that they had spotted the sloop.

"Where's that wrench?" Iris cried.

There was silence save for the steady wheeze of the pump sending air down to Ann. I turned, put my face in the water, tried to peer into the depths and beyond the keel. I couldn't see a thing but solid green water. When I brought my head up, Iris was shouting hysterically:

"Keep pumping, you fool!"

"I can't, Iris," Charlie moaned.

"You've *got* to. Can't you see that boat coming around the island?"

"But you talked about an accident! And this—*this is cold-blooded murder!*"

"Shut up, you gutless oaf! And keep pumping. If you stop, she'll throw the helmet off and come right up on the anchor line." The pump wheezed rhythmically. "Damn this coupling."

"I can't do it!" Charlie whined.

"Dry up!" Iris snapped viciously.

The pump slowed for a moment and Iris' voice rose to a scream:

"Charlie, if you don't keep that pump going I'll brain you!"

And that, you see, did not make sense.

One of the blacks ashore began to yell and I knew I'd been seen. As I reached up, caught the rail, and started to pull myself aboard, Iris' face appeared directly above me. Without a word, she raised the Stillson wrench she had in her hand and brought it down on my fingers. Gasping with the pain, I dropped back into the water. I let myself sink a foot or so, and then started up, using all the power in my legs. Catching the rail with both hands, helped by momentum and the buoyancy of the water, I shot upward and over the rail like a fish dragged in on the end of a gaff. My shoulder struck Iris, knocking her down, and I plunged headfirst into the cockpit.

Charlie, mouth agape, sweat pouring off his bare soft torso, stared at me blankly.

Iris, sitting on the deck, drew back the wrench to let me have it. I caught her wrist, jerked the Stillson out of her fingers, and got to my feet.

"What the hell goes on here?" I demanded.

SHE started to pick herself up. Her mouth was shut in a thin crimson line and her laboring breath hissed through distended nostrils. Her face was livid, her eyes wide and glassy with rage. She was as homely a wench as I ever saw.

I turned on puffing, sweating Charlie. "What was she doing with this Stillson?" When he didn't answer, I brandished the wrench and yelled as hysterically as Iris had been yelling: "Give, you yellow-livered punk! What was she doing?"

Charlie went on pumping. His eyes lowered involuntarily. Following his gaze, I saw the Stillson's teeth marks on the union of a half-inch pipe which led along the side of the cockpit just above the deck. That union was only a couple of inches from the intake of the portable air pump.

"Get off my boat, Bartlett Todd!"

Iris' voice was husky now and, whirling on her, I half expected to see a gun in her hand. But she stood there with her fists on her hips. There was a spot of color in each cheek and she didn't look hysterical. She looked deadly.

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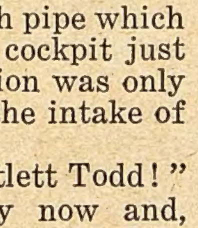

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Five Jews in Iceland—and a Protestant

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FULTON OURSLER

FEBRUARY 22 to 28 is another one of those weeks with a name. This time it is Brotherhood Week and the slogan is, "Make America safe for differences." Here is a movement initiated by one of the most constructive organizations in American life, the National Conference of Christians and Jews. It is hoped to emphasize in Brotherhood Week the need for national unity. As stated by the Conference: "Effective defense of our democracy depends primarily upon a generally united citizenry." And, of course, that means no room in the United States for the suicidal animosities of prejudice and internal distrust.

The observance of Brotherhood Week made me recall a clipping sent to me recently by Leigh H. Shugar of 607 Delafield Place, N. W., Washington, D. C. The story originally appeared in the Yorkshire Evening Post, and told how the Jewish feast of Yom Kippur was observed last November in Iceland. Among the troops encamped in that northern land were five worried Jews. Yom Kippur was coming and they had no rabbi to conduct the service. One Jewish soldier tells what happened:

"I explained to the staff captain that this was our most sacred festival. We were equally determined that some form of service should be held, but the question was who should hold it? There was no Jewish officer available and to me it was questionable whether any layman (a person not actually in religious profession) could effectively take a service as important as this.

"At this, the Church of England padre, who was present at the discussion and who must have guessed what I was driving at, cautiously asked whether it would be possible for him to take a service and whether the Jewish soldiers would take it in the right light.

"He said that he should regard it as a great privilege, and he was very anxious to be assured that the boys would in no way be offended. I unhesitatingly accepted his offer—for I was certain that he would help us to mark the day far more sacredly than if we merely gabbled the prayers to ourselves, and, after all, he was a minister of religion. We all served the same God.

"So I lent him my Yiddish prayer book, which has an English text too, and showed him the prayers assigned to Yom Kippur. He then went immediately to reserve a room at a local hotel, where we could be in the required atmosphere of peace and privacy. He also rang up the units close to our headquarters which contained any Jewish soldiers, and arranged to call for them to attend the service.

"So Yom Kippur Eve arrived, 1940, and there we were in a clean warm room—five Yiddish soldiers in Iceland, grouped around an oak table, with a tall candle burning brightly in a gleaming bronze candlestick—and a Christian clergyman in a spotless cassock, seated at the head of the table, reading the age-old prayers of the Great Atonement from a Hebrew prayer book.

"The five soldiers were Gunner Willie Churnin of Leeds; Gunner Shernovitch of Leeds; Private Myers, R. A. M. C., of Leeds; Private Sultman of Liverpool; and myself.

"I need hardly tell you that we sat in reverent silence while the Rev. Murray-Smith, with the kindliest and most comforting voice you could imagine, read the Kedusha, the Assamnoh, and the wonderful Sabbath-eve Mizmor. You could have heard us breathe!

"After Alenu, knowing that this would be my only chance, and as it was the eve of our Yahrzeit (the anniversary of the death of a relative; in this case the writer's mother), I stood up and said Kaddish. Every one in the room stood up with me, the parson joining in the Amens.

"So you see I was right with you in spirit and in thought all the time, and the great liberty-loving land of England allowed a small handful of Iceland young Jews to keep their festival—with a minister of God to take the service. And then some people have the nerve to ask, 'What are we fighting for?'"

HITLER EXPECTS TO DIE *this year!* Strange as that may sound, remember that der Führer is a mystic; he has astrologers who read him signs and portents in the sky. Pierre van Paassen is a writer whose views sometimes arouse violent dispute, but his facts are to be relied upon. Next week in Liberty he will tell you the facts about Hitler's curious obsession that he will die before December 31 of this year. . . . There will be much of exceptional interest in the forthcoming issue—Elsa Maxwell's Good Manners Quiz; three lively short stories, together with a short short story; John Erskine's revealing piece about Hollywood cameramen; an interesting preseason big-league baseball piece, by Gene Karst; some sage advice to stage-struck girls by George Jean Nathan; and The Blunder of the Draft, by Walter Karig, together with all departments, cartoons, and serials. Pretty good, huh?

WHEN I WAS A SMALL BOY in Baltimore, I heard my father tell of a legendary character in Hagerstown, Maryland, whose name was Henry Kyd Douglas. Now Ruth Benedict sends me a book from the University of North Carolina Press. It is called I Rode with Stonewall, and it is the self-told story of this same Douglas, youngest member of Jackson's staff, and of his experiences in the Confederate army. It is the greatest story of the Civil War I have seen. The description of the second Battle of Manassas, and others, is incomparably vivid in its matter-of-factness. Truly a four-star book.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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